The JULY, 1918. 9d Net.

BOOKMAN

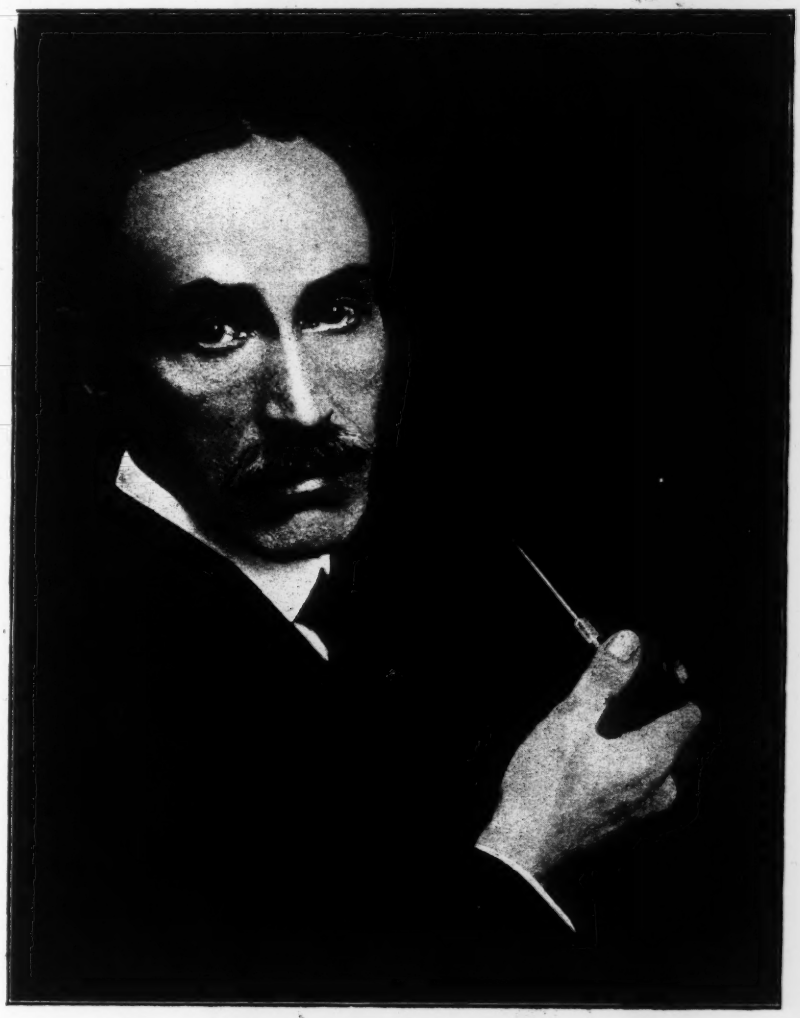


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

LEONARD MERRICK.

CONTENTS.

LEONARD MERRICK	By R. Ellis Roberts	THREE ESSAYISTS	By George Sampson
RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO HISTORY	By Thomas Seccombe	HICKEY'S MEMOIRS	By W. A. Lewis Bettany
TO A FIREFLY BY THE SEA	By Cale Young Rice	A TRIPLE CHORD	By Eugene Mason
THE REAL THING	By Edwin Pugh	THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER	By J. P. Collins
THE BAGDAD RAILWAY	By St. Nihal Singh	AMERICAN LITERATURE	By Major S. Butterworth
REFLECTIONS AND REFRACTIONS IN RELIGION	By Eric S. Robertson	THE NEW REVELATION	By David Gow
		THE MIDDLE CLASS	By Ivor Nicholson
		FRANCE AND FLANDERS, ETC.	

NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. WAR BOOKS. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

HOUGHTON, Warwick Square E.C.

XUM

Distinctive Canadian Poetry

Selected from the list of

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., Ltd.

25 Sayer Street, New Kent Road, LONDON, S.E., and TORONTO, CANADA.

FLINT AND FEATHER

By
E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(TEKAHIONWAKE)

CLOTH
6/-

Introduction by Theodore Watts-Dunton.
Illustrated by J. R. Seavey.

MUSSON

SONGS of a SHANTY-MAN

By
WILLIAM WILBUR MacCUAIG

CLOTH
5/-

Illustrations in colour and black-and-white by William F. Benger.

MUSSON

POEMS
Lyrics & Sonnets

By
ETHELWYN WETHERALD

CLOTH
4/-

MUSSON

1D. ODHAMS' LATEST 1D.

The National News

Is now controlled by the enterprising firm of Odhams Ltd., the publishers of so many patriotic weeklies, who will continue in the "National News" their fearless and vigorous policy.

UP-TO-DATE

WAR NEWS SERVICE
SPORT
EXCLUSIVE ARTICLES

THE LIVE SUNDAY PAPER

and the

ONLY ONE SOLD AT A PENNY

1D. **To get it regularly** **1D.**

YOU MUST ORDER IT ON THIS FORM

Fill up and hand to your Newsagent.

Please reserve me a copy regularly of the "National News."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

CECIL PALMER & HAYWARD.

THE NAVAL SIDE.

By EDWARD NOBLE. With several photographs, and decorations by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. A sketch of the Navy from its birth to this day, including an account of what happened in 1914. Cr. 8vo. Price 7/6 net, cloth.

WHAT IS THIS SPIRITUALISM?

By HORACE LEAF. 3/6 net. This work deals in a popular manner with one of the most attractive problems of the day.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH MUSIC.

By PERCY A. SCHOLES, Editor of "The Music Student." Price 2/6 net, cloth. This volume is uniform with the volumes on French and Russian Music in the same series, and Mr. Scholes' little book on British Music promises to be the most popular.

MY LIFE AS A NATURALIST.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., the well-known Author and Lecturer. This work contains 100 illustrations and decorative cover by Edwin J. Bryant, and an Introduction by the Earl of Lytton. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7/6 net.

THE STORY OF THE PARIS CHURCHES.

By JETTA S. WOLFF, with 27 photographs of the most famous Churches in Paris. This work should make a special appeal in view of recent events in Paris. Price 7/6 net.

A BED OF ROSES.

By W. L. GEORGE. A new edition of this popular novel in cloth, issued at 3/6 net.

"A powerful and earnest novel of ideas, a remarkable sociological document."—*Daily News.*

THE SALIENT & OTHER POEMS.

By Captain T. A. GIRLING (Canadian Army). A little volume of poems which will have a large demand among the Canadian Troops. Crown 8vo, 2/6 net.

AUSTRALIA AT WAR.

By Lieutenant WILL DYSON, Official Artist to the A.I.F. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and a Dedication Poem, written by the Author, to "The Men of the A.I.F." Price 6/- net.

GUNS AND GUITARS.

By W. R. TITTERTON, Author of "Me as a Model." A new volume of poems by this well-known Author. Price 2/6 net.

THE GREAT UNBORN.

By EDWIN PUGH, Author of "A Book of Laughter," etc. This work sets forth, in Mr. Pugh's well-known style, the problem of the day. Paper covers, 2/6 net, popular edition.

THE MEANING OF NATIONAL GUILDS.

By C. E. BECHHOFER and M. B. RECKITT, cloth, 7/6 net. Chapters on the Middle Class and the Guilds, the meaning of Industrial Unionism, the Restoration and Future of Trade Unionism, and the "Mirage of Reconstruction," etc.

THE DREAMER, & OTHER POEMS.

By HELEN CASH. A remarkable first volume of poems by a new author. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3/6 net. Decorative title page.

NOW READY.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUN.

By ARTHUR MORELAND, Author of "Humours of History." Paper, 1/6 net (third edition), cloth, 2/6 net, containing 120 drawings, and legends beneath each written by the Author-Artist.

OAKLEY HOUSE, 14-16, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

COLLINS' LIST

IN GREAT DEMAND.

KAREN

By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

The adventures of an English girl in Germany before and during the war. She is happily married to a German, but her fortunes, nevertheless, become very involved, as, in spite of her marriage, she remains loyal to her own country.

VERDUN DAYS IN PARIS

By MARJORIE GRANT.

Miss Grant is a Canadian who has done much hard and useful work in England and France during the war. This book is a charming record of her war work in Paris during the siege of Verdun. It is full of humour and pathos, and has the added interest of a romantic love story.

GOD'S COUNTERPOINT

By J. D. BERESFORD.

"His novels attract us like records of experience. His new novel, 'God's Counterpoint,' holds the attention to the end."—*The Daily News.*

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS

By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

"The book is full of delightful glimpses of a life which has changed little since the days of Haroun Al Raschid."—*The Scotsman.*

A NOVELIST ON NOVELS

By W. L. GEORGE.

"A literary treat far exceeding what is suggested by the title. . . . The book is full of original sayings and will be appreciated by all thinking minds."—*The Glasgow Citizen.*

THE HUMPHRIES TOUCH

By FREDERICK WATSON.

"'The Humphries Touch,' by Frederick Watson, is an astoundingly clever book."—*The British Weekly.*

EDUCATION FOR LIBERTY

By KENNETH RICHMOND.

"A book for teachers who think and for thinkers who do not teach."
—*The Westminster Gazette.*

THE THINGS OF A CHILD

By M. E. FRANCIS.

"All the great and moving events of childhood are treated with a fine humour and tenderness amid which the workings of the childish mind are never obscured."—*The Scotsman.*

WHERE ENGLAND SETS HER FEET

(SECOND IMPRESSION).

By BERNARD CAPES.

MEN AND GHOSTS

By ALLAN MONKHOUSE.

"Mr. Monkhouse's clever novel"—*The Spectator.*

IN RUSSIA'S NIGHT

By OLIVE GARNETT.

"Will speak with profound significance to many hearts just now."
—*The Manchester Guardian.*

MRS. BENTE

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

PIECES OF EIGHT

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"A story of buried treasure which provides both delightful writing and a succession of first-rate thrills."—*The Sunday Times.*

PENNY SCOT'S TREASURE

By FREDERICK NIVEN.

"Mr. Niven . . . never wrote a better novel than 'Penny Scot's Treasure.'"—*The British Weekly.*

All uniform in size and price. Extra Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

A NEW WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING

By CLEMENTINA BLACK.

"Just the things every woman ought to know. . . . All who read the book will be deeply interested in what the author has to say."
—*The Glasgow Citizen.*

Extra Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

POLITICAL EDUCATION AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL

By VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVELL.

This book is a radical criticism—from within—of the Public School curriculum. The authors urge the partial substitution for Classics of Politics in the widest sense, finding in the latter not only the finest of the humanities, but also the only educational instrument by means of which Public Schoolboys may be trained to play their part in the complete transformation of national and international life which is the supreme need of the time.

The book is also the record of a practical experiment in Political Education which has lately been made at one of the old Public Schools.

Extra Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

LONDON: 48 PALL MALL, S.W.1.
W. COLLINS, SONS, & CO., LTD.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 322. Vol. LIV. JULY, 1918. Price Ninepence.

9d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 109

THE READER—

Leonard Merrick. By R. Ellis Roberts 113
Three Essayists. By George Sampson 118
Prize Competitions 119
To a Firefly by the Sea .. 122

NEW BOOKS—

A Triple Chord. By Eugene Mason 122
The Return of the Soldier. By J. P. Collins 123
Recent Contributions to History. By Thomas Seccombe 123
The Real Thing. By Edwin Pugh 125
The Bagdad Railway. By St. Nihal Singh 126
American Literature. By Major S. Butterworth 128
Hickey's "Memoirs" Continued. By W. A. Lewis Bettany 129
The New Revelation. By David Gow.. 130
The Middle Class. By Ivor Nicholson 131
Reflections and Refractions in Religion. By Eric S. Robertson 132
France and Flanders 132

NOVEL NOTES—

Frenzied Fiction—First the Blade—The Sign of the Fish—Workhouse Characters—The Foolishness of Lilian—Old Desire—Love's Burden—The Angel of the Settlement—Sir Isumbras at the Ford—Green Fancy—God's Counterpoint—Heart of Ice—The Black Image—The Hungry Hundred .. 133-136

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

From Snotty to Sub—The Limits of Pure Democracy—In War and Peace—The Principles of the Moral Empire—War and Revolution in Russia—The Bomber Gipsy, and Other Poems 136–138

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

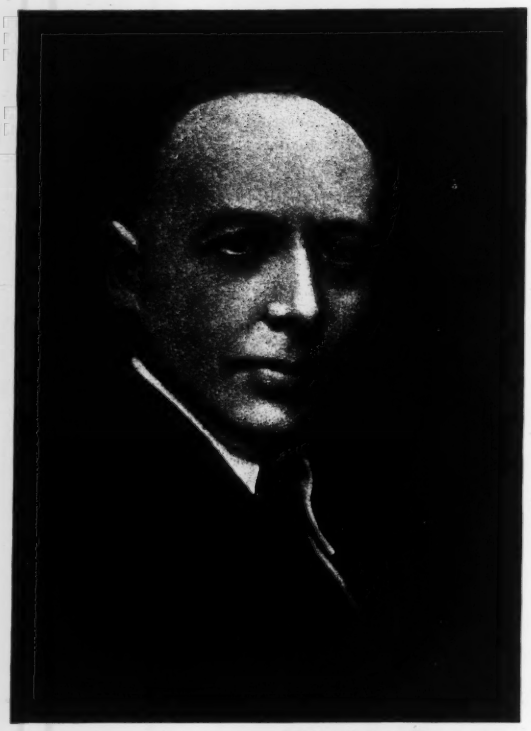
News Notes.

We have had to hold over the Index to Vol. LIII. It will be included in the August Bookman.

"For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, which appeared in our last Christmas Number, will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The article, which has been greatly amplified, now deals with the work and careers of over forty soldier poets, and will be illustrated with photogravure portraits. As in consequence of war restrictions the edition will have to be limited, orders for the book should be placed without delay.

Although Mr. Leonard Merrick is a Londoner by birth, he has no love of London. It is the most comfortable of cities, he says, but he finds it uninspiring, and works better and more easily when he is away from it. Mr. Merrick has had a more varied career than falls to the lot of most authors. He went with his people to South Africa when he was eighteen, and entering the South African Civil Service became clerk in the Magistrate's Court on the Diamond Fields. But he had no idea of settling there. He was "born stage-struck," as he puts it; and in 1884 he returned to England and got an introduction to Augustus Harris, who gave him an engagement to act in a touring company that was travelling the country with one of the big Drury Lane autumn melodramas. He was successful as an actor, but would have lost his engagement, because the touring manager was anxious to supplant him with a friend of his own, but for the intervention of another member of the company who wrote privately to Harris urging him to see Leonard Merrick's acting for himself before making any change. Harris did so, and the result was that Mr. Merrick retained his post for two years and then, his enthusiasm for the actor's life being cooled, retired from that profession for good. Later he discovered that the member of the company who, without his knowledge, had befriended him, was Mr. Arthur Collins, now Drury Lane's managing director. He was twenty-three when he quitted the boards, and, except that he has written some very popular dramas in collaboration with Mr. G. R. Sims, has devoted himself ever since to the writing of stories. His first book appeared when he was twenty-four. His second novel, "Violet Moses," was rejected by Messrs. Chatto & Windus,

but accepted by Bentley; and his third, "The Man Who was Good," being rejected by Bentley as not up to the level of the other, was promptly accepted by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. He had published some half-dozen novels before he began to write short stories. From the first he met with a more popular reception in America than over here; his books enjoyed a considerable vogue there, and his short stories were in great demand with the American magazines. His first real success with the latter in this country came when his agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, handed one of his books to the editor of the *Bystander* and urged him to read it and see whether its stories were not the sort that he wanted. He read it, and commissioned six, and before these had all appeared commissioned a further twelve, and thereafter the difficulty was not to place such stories, but to write as many as were required. When he was in his thirties Mr. Merrick lived for some while in Paris, and Paris still draws him from time to time from the retirement of his home on the South Coast, for in Paris he finds ideas and stimulation and can work as he never can in London. He has put a deal of personal experience into his novels and short stories, particularly into "The Worldlings" and "Laurels and the Lady," one of the stories of "The Man Who Understood Women." His new book, "While Paris Laughed," has just been published, and two further volumes are now ready in the collected edition of his works—"When Love Flies Out o' the Window," with an introduction by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and "Cynthia," with an introduction by Maurice Hewlett.



Mr. John Ferguson,
whose clever story of German intrigue, "Stealthy Terror" (John Lane), is now in its sixth edition.

Miss Maud Royden, whose ministry at the City Temple has been such a remarkable success, has completed a book entitled "The Hour and the Church: An Appeal to the Church of England," which Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing immediately.

"The Blight of Kultur," by G. Hamilton MacLeod, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing this month, is a shrewd study in the psychology of the German people. Mr. MacLeod shows how the Germans to-day are the natural descendants of the Germans of the past; he interprets their barbaric doings in the war by the light of their own history, and earnestly warns this nation against ever again allowing itself to come under the malign influence from which the civilised races are now fighting to free themselves.

"The Anzac Pilgrim's Progress," by Lance-Corporal Cobber, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing next month, is a series of ballads, humorous and serious, narrating the experiences of an Australian soldier from his joining up at Brisbane, through his campaigning in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, till he is left in the last ballad, "Out of It," wounded and in hospital.

"London and its Environs." By Findlay Muirhead. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan) is the first of a series of handbooks which will be known as "The Blue Guides" and are to deal with cities and countries the world over. The excellence of this pioneer volume augurs well for the rest of the series. In addition to all manner of useful, practical information as to what to see and how to get to it, where to sleep and dine and what it will cost you, lists of places of amusement, particulars of postal and other services, it contains admirable special articles on the "History and Administration of London," by Charles Welch; on "British Art," by D. S. MacColl; on "London Architecture," by Professor Lethaby; and on "Literary Walks in London," by the editor. There is a bibliography of books about various aspects of London, and thirty maps and plans of the great city and the country immediately surrounding it. It covers the ground so competently and thoroughly that the visitor with a "Blue Guide" in his hand could know about and

find his way to all he wants to see and personally conduct his own tour.

We congratulate Mr. G. H. Grubb on his election as Director of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Limited, the famous American publishers. Mr. Grubb has been associated with the London branch of Messrs. Putnams for the last thirty years, and is in these days given over to war work as head of the Library Service of the American Expeditionary Force Y.M.C.A. He was one of the founders of this Library, which came into being in August 1917, and did much spare-time work in connection with it before he went into uniform and took official control. The Service has now established libraries wherever American troops are quartered in England and behind the American lines in France, and supplies books for education as well as for recreation. Incidentally, it furnishes framed pictures to add to the comfort and homeliness of the soldiers' huts, and it does not need a long acquaintance with Mr. Grubb for one to realise how wholly his heart is in the admirable work he is doing.

Major John E. Stewart, M.C., who contributed three striking poems to Mr. Erskine Macdonald's "More Songs of the Fighting Men," was recently killed in action in France. Major Stewart rose

Mr. Frank Morgan,
whose witty and wise "Unposted Letters" (Simpkin, Marshall), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, is meeting with very considerable success.

Major J. E. Stewart, M.C.

from the ranks by sheer merit. His parents are in humble circumstances, but he was M.A. of Glasgow University, and before the war was a teacher at Langloan Public School, Coatbridge. In September, 1914, he joined the Highland Light Infantry as a private, but within two months obtained a commission and was attached to a Border Regiment, in which he rose to be Captain and Adjutant. He saw much hard service in France, and after being promoted to the rank of Major and transferred to the South Lancashire Regiment, was given command of a battalion of the Staffordshire Regiment, and fell leading his men in the early stages of the present titanic battle. Two years ago he won his M.C. for bravery in the field. He had contributed considerably to the London and provincial press, and last year published with Mr. Erskine Macdonald, a volume of his poems, "Grapes from Thorns."

There was a rumour a few weeks back that Lieutenant Alec Waugh had been killed in action, and we are glad to hear that it is the lesser evil which has befallen him, and he is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. He has followed his remarkable first novel, "The Loom of Youth," with a first book of verse no less remarkable, which has just been published, under the title of "Resentment," by Mr. Grant Richards.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son are publishing and supplying gratis at their shops and bookstalls an outspoken pamphlet on "The Tragedy of Russia," by W. Stephen Sanders, who went as a Labour delegate to Russia in 1917. It is a very concise account of the Revolution, and of how the Bolshevist leaders, who had no hand in starting it, came in to turn the new order, designedly or with amazing simplicity, to Germany's advantage, and have established as ruthless an autocracy as the Kaiser's own. An appendix tells you what the Bolsheviks have given to Germany and, from a statement of the Russian social-democrats, how they are treating the Russian worker. For those who have the true interests of democracy at heart Mr. Sanders's pamphlet is an important document.

Mr. William Howard, who was for many years connected with the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., has now accepted a responsible position with Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, the well-known literary agents. Mr. Howard in recent years assisted the late Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C., more especially in all the business arrangements made by the firm with authors.

February 6th, 1919, will be the hundredth anniversary of the hoisting of the British flag on the Island of Singapore by Sir Stamford Raffles in accordance with a treaty concluded between himself, on behalf of the Honourable East India Company, and the Government of the State of Johore. In connection with the celebration of this important centenary, it is proposed by a representative committee of the principal residents to produce an authoritative history of Singapore, covering that period of a hundred years. This history will form an adequate record of the rise of the chief town in British Malaya and the seat of government of the Colony of the Straits Settlements, and of its Imperial value as a factor of British influence in the East. To aid in the collection of material not now accessible to the promoters of the scheme, a London committee has been formed, and the committee hopes to obtain the co-operation of retired residents of the Colony and the descendants of deceased Singaporeans. This committee invites all who possess or have access to documents, maps, pictures, pamphlets, old MSS., and other records having a bearing on the progress and development of Singapore to be so good as to lend the same, and any reminiscences of old residents would be gratefully received. Communications should be sent to Major W. G. St. Clair, care of G. Brinkworth, Esq., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

WAR BOOKS.

"In the Fourth Year: Anticipations of a World Peace." By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.) A logical, forceful exposition of the need for a League of Free Nations; the difficulties in the way of establishing one; how these may be overcome; and a grim warning of the next war we may look forward to unless some such barrier can be raised between the opposed ideals of barbarism and civilisation.

"The Coming Dawn." By Theodora Thompson. 5s. net. (John Lane.) An anthology in prose and verse of reflections on war, its actualities and inner significance. The extracts are well chosen and well arranged, and the author has gone wisely out of the beaten track in search of them.

"Serbia's Part in the War." By Crawfurd Price. 7s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.) In these days when Serbia is, temporarily, a nation without a country, it is well that we should be reminded of what we owe to this small but gallant people who, in the early days of the war, three times swept the Teutonic invaders back beyond her borders, and stubbornly held the gate that barred the Germans from the East. Whether Mr. Price is right in saying that Serbia provided golden opportunities of which we and our Allies failed to take full advantage, we shall not dispute; it is enough that the story he has to tell is a great, an epic story, and he has known how to tell it in such fashion as wins both your interest in his theme and your admiration for its heroes. Mr. Price was a war correspondent with the Serbian Army in the stirring times when it was fighting to guard its own homesteads, and so was an eye-witness of much of the heroic fighting he so graphically describes. Moreover, he has had access to all official records, and is able to reveal the diplomatic aspects of his history from inside and authoritative sources. This first volume brings the narrative down to the end of the third unsuccessful invasion of Serbia.

"If I Goes West." By a Tommy. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.) There is a quaint humour in these war verses, grim and irresponsible by turns or simultaneously; and a tenderness and simple poignance in some of them that are equally spontaneous and effective. A delightful little book, written in the sturdy, buoyant spirit that we have learned to regard as characteristic of the men in the fighting line.

THE READER.

LEONARD MERRICK.*

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

IN one of his later novels Mr. Merrick gives us a little scene between a vulgar theatrical manager, Ruby, his wife, and an enthusiastic dramatist. The dramatist, for the sake of the money, has committed a melodrama of the worst type; and he and the manager are revolving the important problem of the title. "Do you like 'Heartless London'?" "No; give me the cigars over here, Ruby! No, that doesn't hit the spot. 'A Lassie in London'? How do you like 'A Lassie in London'?" "She isn't a lassie," said Tatham. "What do you think of 'A Girl Against the World'?" Ross shook his head. "I want 'London'!" "London as it really is?" said the ex-fairy. "Rotten!" he growled. "'Yet London Laughs.' Eh? 'Yet London Laughs!' It's good?" "What does it mean?" asked Tatham. "Mean? It means the heartlessness of London, of course! 'Yet London Laughs,' in spite of everything—in spite of that poor girl's sufferings, London laughs!"

Photo by G. R. Lavis.

Leonard Merrick.

It is worth noticing that Mr. Merrick's new novel is called "While Paris Laughed"—for the slight difference between "while" and "yet" will give a hint of the quality of Mr. Merrick's mind. In all his books he insists—in a few early stories a little over-emphatically—on the juxtaposition of tears and laughter, easy tears and easy laughter, or, more tragically, bitter tears and light laughter, or sardonic laughter and casual tears—but never does he give that gross pathetic fallacy of the footlights—"And yet!" The superb irrelevance, the glorious inconsequence of the theatrical mind amuse him; but he never shares them. And I often wonder if even his admirers realise how high an eminence that gives Mr. Merrick. Sentimentalist as he might be called, and in manner sometimes cynical, his essential thought is unlike that of Sterne or Butler. He does not seek for consistency, nor even for constancy from human nature; he is willing to admit that the faults in a man or woman may be as prominent as the virtues; and he loves his people not in spite of their faults, as does the sentimentalist, nor in spite of their virtues, as does the cynic, but just for themselves. This is so true an attitude that it provokes the charge of simplicity. Yet it has been shared by some of the greatest masters of fiction. A foolish fashion of modern criticism may deem Thackeray as out of date; but no one who values psychology in fiction can dispute the masterly characterisation of such a novel as "Pendennis" or "Vanity Fair." Is it not evident that Thackeray likes Becky Sharp for what she is? He does not appraise her ethically. There are animals and even flowers whose appeal to the moral judgment is weak—but how strong to the æsthetic! And the æsthetic is nearer the truth, because it is nearer creation than the moral; it has less of destructive criticism.

So in such a book as "The Position of Peggy Harper" Mr. Merrick does not flinch from giving us the worst of Peggy. He throws the limelight on to her—an action which she would take as complimentary. Yet he never refuses to admit her charm, her kindliness, her boyish vanity, her fund of companionable cheeriness, her real pluck against her devastating old mother, to whom also he is scrupulously fair, honourably kind. It would be amusing to compare this method of Mr. Merrick's with that of the realists—with Mr. Bennett's, for instance, or even Mr. George Moore's. Mr. Bennett, even in his lightest and best fiction, never releases his people. They are held in the vice of his capable, narrow, competent intellect. He knows all about them, and in knowing that he knows he betrays an ignorance of human nature which is fatal to real eminence as a novelist. For to the novelist, as to the theologian or the moralist, human nature, after it has been thoroughly sifted and arranged and determined, presents one final characteristic — caprice. Ultimately, perhaps, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that caprice only is the sufficient answer to determinism.

In his preface to the reissue of "Conrad in Search of His Youth," Sir J. M. Barrie roundly asserts of that

* "While Paris Laughed." By Leonard Merrick. 6s. net. And first three vols. in the Collected Edition of Leonard Merrick's Works. 6s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

fantasy: "I know scarcely a novel by any living Englishman, except a score or so of Mr. Hardy's, that I would rather have written." It will startle most readers to find Mr. Merrick thrust into juxtaposition with the name of Hardy; and yet it is defensible. Remote as is his world from Mr. Hardy's—remote indeed from that of nearly all English novelists—he shares this with the master of Wessex, that he knows and values caprice. Mr. Hardy it is true generally prefers to fix caprice on to the gods, or the fates, or circumstance, while Mr. Merrick shows his characters as swayed by whim or fancy; but each author has a sure grasp of the folly of predicating certainty of men or women—the stupidity of being sure even of the uncertainty of their action. Mr. Hardy develops that thought in tragedy, Mr. Merrick as a rule in comedy, and yet in comedy with a touch of bewilderment, bewilderment that may hide pessimism, or passion, or indifference, or even terror.

Photo by G. R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

Leonard Merrick at the age of 30.

In "The Quaint Companions," and in that strange story "The Body and Soul of Miss Azurlay" terror is present; but if in the short story Mr. Merrick has stressed rather much the horror, in "The Quaint Companions" he gives an inimitably sober and quiet treatment to a theme which almost all authors would treat either tragically or melodramatically. Sometimes indeed I think of that study in selfish and unselfish love, that parable of black bodies and white souls, as Mr. Merrick's masterpiece. Yet one has only to read the latest volume, "While Paris Laughed," or the reissue of "Cynthia" and "When Love Flies out o' the Window," to realise how premature are such definite judgments. Mr. Hewlett claims "Cynthia" as one of Mr. Merrick's "loveliest women," and there are few who will not feel the charm of this daughter of Philistia who is rescued by her husband. Passion is not obtruded in Mr. Merrick's work, but in the relationship between Cynthia and Humphrey Kent, the "successful" and penurious novelist, passion is more truly indicated, more humanly suggested than in half a hundred hectic, hot-house efforts to convey the beauty of sexual love. Here I think is Mr. Merrick's second great gift as a novelist—his unerring sense of proportion! Full as his books are of good characters and good situations, he never succumbs to the temptation of overaccentuating any one person or circumstance at the expense of the construction. How few other novelists would be content with the slight appearances of Miss Wix in "Cynthia"—the acidulated, honest, annoying Miss Wix who becomes "Auntie Bluebell" of "Winsome Words"; in the same book the egregious Cæsar Walford is just etched for us with a few, bold strokes—the comedy of him is scarcely more than indicated, except in the glorious little scene where he gives his exhibition of singing.

The same economy is found in "When Love Flies out o' the Window." In his preface to the new edition Sir W. Robertson Nicoll writes: Mr. Merrick "is always thinking of the actress who cannot find an engagement, who has nobody in the world to help her, and who at most has but a few shillings in the world, with no means of earning more—save one. The hope deferred, the fireless room, the meagre salary, the blank reality, the sick fear, the creeping terror, the thoughts that make the heart quake—all these he describes as no one else has described them." This vivid description of Meenie Weston's life in Paris is not a shade exaggerated; and yet Mr. Merrick's account of it seems less harrowing. This is not because he spares us anything. It is partly because he deliberately keeps even his tragic episodes in the comic key, and partly because he never lets us see or feel any terror of circumstance, any disaster of life except through the personality of the men and women who suffer. Most authors have a touch of the *Grand Guignol* in them; they like a thrill for its own sake. Mr. Merrick is only interested in the thrill because of its effect on human beings. He knows as well as any one that you can attain a violent and illegitimate effect by isolating your thrill—subordinating humanity to ideas. That is the atmosphere of scandal and of panic, not the atmosphere of art. And Mr. Merrick has always regarded his writing as an art and no living author has a better claim to have that aspect of his novels respected and judged.

II.

It is as a comic artist that Mr. Merrick ranks highest, and for comedy, restrained, essential, unobtrusive, his short stories are better than his novels. Himself he has preferred writing short stories, and no one could read "Whispers About Women" without knowing that here was a man who was doing his natural work. In that volume is a story which seemed to me when I read it first some dozen years ago one of the best of English short stories; and it exhibits Mr. Merrick's comic genius at its highest. "The Bishop's Comedy" has all those elements of surprise, combined with truth to character, which distinguish genuine comedy from farce or melodrama. Miss Clarges—whom duchesses called "dear"—suggests to the Bishop of Westborough that

Miss Lesley Merrick,
Leonard Merrick's daughter.

he has the makings of a dramatist. The Bishop starts on a play — need we say a bad one? He and Miss Clarges slip into a flirtation: she has all the satisfaction of capturing a new and unusual victim; he the moral gratification of bringing help to the actress. So gossip grows. And finally Miss Clarges is called upon by Mrs. Lullieton Meadows — the Bishop's wife. And the scene between the actress and Mrs. Meadows is too good to spoil by a résumé.

"My visit must appear very strange to you?"

"Most kind!" said Kitty Clarges. "How is His Lordship getting on with his play? It'll soon be finished now, I suppose?"

"I daresay—I really don't know. I didn't come to talk about the play," Mrs. Meadows faltered. "I came because you might do more for me than anyone else alive! Miss Clarges, my husband is in love with you."

The start, the bewilderment in the eyes, was admirable. "My . . . *dear* Mrs. Meadows?"

"You need not trouble to deny it," said the lady quietly, "because he has acknowledged it to me. But that isn't all—you are in love with my husband."

"Are you here to insult me?" said Miss Clarges, rising. "I have the honour to be one of His Lordship's friends; he has been pleased to discuss his comedy with me. Not unnatural, I think. Especially as I hope to produce the piece! As for . . . what you say, there has never been a word, a syllable—our conversation might have been phonographed for all London to hear!" The indignation of her voice quivered into pain. "I would not have had this happen for the world—I can't understand it!" She struggled with a sob, and suppressed it proudly. "It's cruel!"

"I don't wonder that he admires you," said his wife thoughtfully; "you have great talent. But I have seen a letter from you to him. Here it is!"

Miss Clarges gasped, and looked at it. She sat down again very slowly. "All right," she said. "I *am* fond of your husband. Well?"

"It was finding your letter that made me write to you. I heard weeks ago that he was mad about you, but the letter showed me that *you* cared for *him*. Oh, I know that I ought not to have written! I considered a long time before I made up my mind. But there was so much at stake, I thought you might help me. If you will listen——"

"What for?" exclaimed Miss Clarges. "What's the good of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you*? Do you think, if *I* lost a man, I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Women like me *don't* lose the men they want—we know how easy it is for them to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep them. It's you good women who are always being left; after you've caught the men, you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted it *must* be the end of *his*. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt on the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a surprise in reserve for him—then you wonder he yawns. Great Scott! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart, as you pull out a tape measure—an inch at a time. I adore your husband; I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realise that—I don't expect you to realise it; but surely you must know that—if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say, 'Because the right's all on your side he shall never think about me any more'?"

"You misunderstand the object of my visit," said Mrs. Meadows meekly. "I didn't come to weep to you; I didn't come to beg you to say that he should never think about you any more. I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love."

"Eh?" ejaculated Miss Clarges.

"I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love," repeated the older woman in plaintive tones. "You see, to you he is only an episode; but unless I choose to make a scandal—and I have daughters to consider—*I* must expect to spend many more years with him. If you will help me to discover some attractions in him, it will make life far easier for me."

Kitty Clarges sat staring at her dumbly. "You f-find no attraction in him?" she stammered at last.

"It is unconventional of me to admit it to you; but, as I say, there's so much at stake—I feel justified in asking your assistance. To me he is tedious beyond words to tell. If you would explain why you adore him, if you would show me some merit, some spark of talent, or wit, or humour, something to make his pretensions less intolerable—you don't know how thankful to you I should be."

Miss Lesley Merrick,
Leonard Merrick's daughter, as a Land Worker.

"Your husband is a great man." She spoke with a touch of uncertainty.

"Oh, no! And I should be foolish to ask so much—a moderately intelligent man is all that a woman like me has the right to expect. The Bishop is unfortunately very, very dull. Believe me, I have tried most conscientiously to be deceived by him. I used to read his press notices, and say, 'Look what the newspapers say about him—it *must* be true.' But I knew it wasn't. I used to listen to his sermons—there aren't many of them; they've been the same sermons for twenty years—and say, 'What lovely language, what noble thoughts! How proud his little Mildred should be!' But, though I was a young girl then, I knew that the lovely language was all sound and no sense, and that the noble thoughts came out of the 'Dictionary of Quotations.' Oh, Miss Clarges! you are a brilliant woman, far, far cleverer than I—he must have some stray virtue that my earnest search hasn't brought to light, or you couldn't gush so romantically about him. Help me to see it! Think how he wearies me—tell me what the virtue is!"

The actress was breathing heavily, her nostrils fluttered; on her bloodless cheeks the delicacy of "Maiden Bloom" stood out in unbecoming blotches. To learn that she idolised a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdained as a bore, robbed her of speech. She had not believed there could be such depths of humiliation in the world.

Is there any scene in modern English fiction which excels that in comic pertinacity, in vigour and delicacy? It seems to me to go straight back to the tradition of Congreve and those other masters who knew to a nicety the precise value of social comedy. It is comedy of manners, no doubt, but how well rendered, how truly seen, how free from false sentiment or false machinery. There are other short stories: "A Very Good Thing for the Girl," "The Call from the Past," "The Favourite Plot," "Fluffums," "The Laurels and the Lady" (which has something of Mr. Merrick's early South African experiences in it), besides the admirable series of Paris life, which are as good as "The Bishop's Comedy."

As I write their titles I am reminded how many of these, and how many of the novels, deal with theatrical life. Mr. Merrick was an actor for some two years. Yet this hardly suffices to explain his absorption in the types of stage-land. His genius has a natural bent towards the life of the theatre, because it is there that one sees, more plainly than in ordinary life, the strange juxtaposition of tragedy and comedy, nobility and meanness—a juxtaposition which has, as I have said, an abiding fascination for Mr. Merrick. Mr. Merrick is a draughtsman of great precision. He gets his effects not so much by the use of atmosphere, as by the use of line. His line conveys atmosphere—how surely and beautifully in "The Quaint Companions"—but it is to line he has given his heart. Now, the theatre of his period—the late eighties—is ever emphatically a place of line, of sharp contrasts, of clean-cut effects. This is no place to discuss the ideals of Mr. Gordon Craig; but of this one may be fairly sure, that Mr. Merrick's theatrical folk, from Miss Clarges to Peggy Harper, would have laughed them to scorn. In the good days, the rich days of the eighties and nineties, you had to get it over the footlights; and it did not much matter if it went a good deal farther. This striving after perpetual emphasis, this determination to accentuate everything which could, and a great deal which could not, be accentuated, had a natural result on the protagonists. Anyone who knew Maiden Lane at the beginning of the century will know what I mean. It had and has its good side, this overaccentuation; and for Mr. Merrick it has this great advantage, it provided him with people and circumstances which were sufficiently sharp-cut, without being melodramatic. In the modern writer's scorn of the theatrical it is often forgotten that there is a truth of the theatre. Just as rhetoric is a real art, so is the theatre; and like rhetoric the theatre has the merit of simplifying situations and characters. All our modern psychological subtlety is opposed to this, apt to think it wrong. But the fact remains that quite a number of people are simple, and their motives are simple. These simple motives and simple emotions can be made the vehicle for subtlety—but themselves retain a simplicity which is often obscured, I think, by the elaborate, rather tedious methods of many modern writers.

III.

In that spacious book on a time when art was leisurely, "The Peace of the Augustans," Mr. Saintsbury gives us one of his bracing judgments on the novel: "For (let it be peremptorily and unblushingly asserted and reasserted) the business of the novel is in the first, second, and even third place to *interest*."* Doleful would be the visages and low the circulation of many of our later men if that test were properly applied. But Mr. Merrick meets it triumphantly. Whatever criticisms can be brought against the author of "The House of Lynch" and "The Worldlings," he cannot be attacked for lack of interest. And yet he has not apparently had the success which a novelist of his calibre, who at the same time offers amusement, should have had. The new edition is evidence of the position he occupies in the judgment of his fellow-craftsmen; and even those who are sceptical must admit that there is something unusual in work which draws the praise of such different authors as Barrie, Wells, W. D. Howells, Pinero and Granville Barker. Their introductions will be guarantee for Mr. Merrick's peculiar brilliancy at his art. And it is not that he is unpopular. Since Mr. Watt placed a series of stories with the *Bystander*, his work has been eagerly sought after by the editors; and since "The Man Who Was Good," his novels have a steady if not startling success. Still the fact remains that the commencement of the new edition found many people, tolerably well acquainted with English fiction, asking Who is Merrick? And there must be a reason for that. One cause is, I believe, the frequency with which he writes of the theatre, another his predilections for Paris. Other English authors have lived in France—but have never got over it. Them the British public forgives. It knows that, however proudly Mr. Bennett may insist on his French residence, he is himself soundly, obstinately British, as remote from the French, let alone the Parisian point of view, as was Thackeray or Trollope. All his parading of his French experience is pure tourist—paterfamilias showing the photographs to his friends. But Mr. Merrick writes of Paris, of the Quartier Latin, of French provincial life with an ease, a casualness which inspires suspicion. He might as well, thinks the average reader, be writing of London, of England. And that is fatal. To that average reader—before 1914 at any rate—to present foreigners except as curiosities was

to insult him. It is not that Tricotrin and his friends do not behave differently from English youths; it is that Mr. Merrick does not seem to see anything odd in the difference. He treats their eccentricities just as he would the eccentricities of Fluffums or of Blackstone, K.C.

In the same way he regards his actors and actresses as ordinary human beings. He brings us determinedly into their lives, and will not let us have the satisfaction of thinking they are different clay—he insists they are the same clay with different markings. In fact, in exposing the humbug of the stage, the pretence of the footlights, Mr. Merrick exposes even more the humbug of ordinary people and their lives. In "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" this is done almost bitterly. I cannot like the book quite as much as does Sir J. M. Barrie, because I find it suffering a little from that kicking against the pricks which is the great sin of modern egotism. We are faithless, and condemn faithlessness in our friends; untruthful, and turn swiftly on the liar; dishonest and cry "Police" at the petty pilferer; cruel, and shriek if our own toes are trodden. Nothing can make me really like Conrad himself. His quest is for his own selfish youth, the youth that took, not the youth which gave, the youth which was worshipped rather than that which paid homage. No doubt he is deceived by himself, but he is at too great pains to deceive others; and the terrible, hectic effort to beat up his passion for Mrs. Adaile has in it something of cruelty, which I do not expect in Mr. Merrick's works.

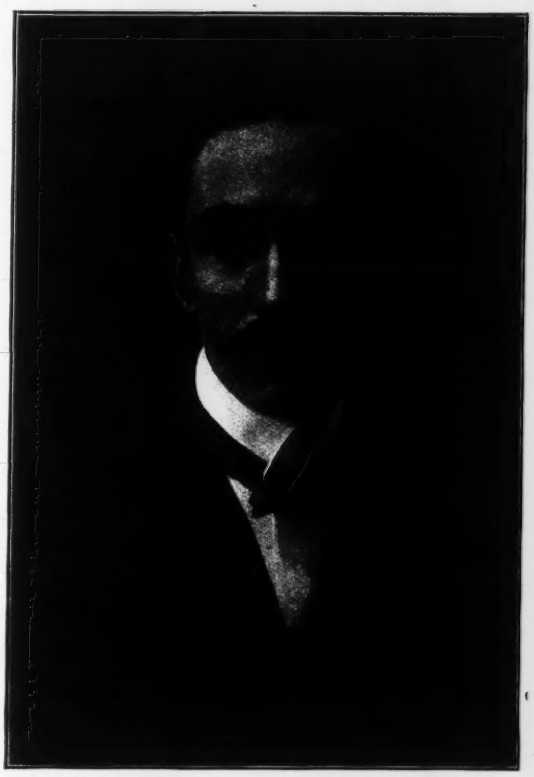


Photo by Madame Peske, Eastbourne.

Leonard Merrick.

IV.

Except Sir J. M. Barrie's bold parallel to Hardy I have seen no effort to compare or contrast Merrick with contemporary novelists. He has been highly praised by some judges, but there has not been much effort, so far as I am aware, to see him in relation to other novelists. And such a judgment is difficult. He does not suggest comparison with others. There are points when his work has affinities with that of Mr. St. J. Lucas, and there is in his humour at times something which recalls Mr. Barry Pain. But Mr. Merrick's most characteristic work—say, "The Quaint Companions," "The Actor-Manager," "The Position of Peggy Harper," "Cynthia," "One Man's View," and some dozen or so short stories, have a quality not easily paralleled in English fiction. One feels a little like the man who tried to describe the taste of an olive. "Oh! it tastes . . . well—it tastes, damn it—it—it tastes like an olive!" Yet one can get, perhaps, a little farther than that. The first and last thing which marks Mr. Merrick off from all other living English novelists, except possibly Mr. Charles Marriott, is his preference for intellectual truth. I do not know if Mr. Merrick dabbles in philosophy; if he does, his opinion of James, or of Bergson, should be amusing. He has nothing of the pragmatist in him. And this gives him an astonishing loneliness. Even those of our authors—Mr. Shaw, or Samuel Butler, or Vernon Lee—who profess to value intellectual truth, rarely if ever take their truth neat. It is laced with all kinds of old prejudices or outworn methods. As for the realists, whether they are simply disguised romantics as Mr. Wells, or idealists with a crusade like Mr. Wells again and Mr. Bennett, they never see truth intellectually. They have too great a respect for facts. But Mr. Merrick—and in this he is almost purely French—will not look at a problem, even a sentimental one, except from the standpoint of intellectual truth. It is his weapon against humbug; his spear of Abdiel. This helps us, I think, to find his real parallel. It is not with novelists—it is rather with the French moralists of the eighteenth century that I should compare him, Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenarges. Their wisdom is worldly, no doubt, and narrow in scope. Such a sentiment as "Le plaisir de l'amour est d'aimer, et l'on est plus heurex par la passion que l'on a, que par celle que l'on donne"—"Love's pleasure is in loving; and a man is happier in the passion he feels than in that he inspires"—is at least half a lie; but it has a strict intellectual truth for the world which acts upon it, and it is the very motto, in some ways, for "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." It is the salt quality, the tang of brine in his wit which is responsible for Mr. Merrick's being disregarded still in some quarters. As the war makes the world wiser and sadder, and as the peace that is coming makes nations better known to each other, perhaps the British public will give a greater hearing to one who has never flattered its prejudices, or tried for its edification.

THREE ESSAYISTS.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

ANY enduring or satisfying collection of essays will be found to have a perceptible homogeneity arising from the author's personality, or creed, or point of view. Such essays are, in fact, chapters of a continuous story, the hero of which is the essayist himself, and the plot the adventures of his mind. Gravity or levity of substance makes no difference. The author may be as light as Lucas or as massive as Macaulay: he will satisfy his readers if he is able, artistically, to be true to himself. It follows, therefore, that any collection of papers lacking this constructive consistency will never come to life as a book of essays. Think of the learned persons who reprint their weighty contributions to the serious magazines. Their works are not Essays, they are Transactions – they are no more literature than the Proceedings of the British Academy.

Of the three volumes here considered, one is immediately ruled out through its lack of artistic consistency, and that, oddly enough, is the book that has most to say about art and form and "rhythmic significance." Mr. Clive Bell has assembled some interesting papers, but he has certainly not made a book of essays. They are not on any one plane of thought or substance or outlook. "Partial portraits" of Montaigne, Ibsen, Peacock and Morris tacked on to mere reviews of picture shows and completed by essays on the war do not make a book, even though they be collected, printed, and duly bound and lettered on the back. Nor is there in this instance any compensating unity of style. Mr. Clive Bell says some things that are really clever, and some that are merely unpleasant. He is acute—and angular. Such a paper as that on Carlyle, for instance, is not criticism at all. It is merely a display of bad temper. It argues a mind that remains obstinately provincial, however near the centre it may seem to inhabit.

As a further disturbance to the reader there is a yawning discrepancy between the writer's principle and his practice. He believes that it is possible to achieve some Absolute of criticism, some perfect standard by which, without reference to time, place, or circumstance, we can assess the ultimate artistic value of Chaucer, and Cowley, and Goldsmith, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and George Moore, and Ouida, and Harold Begbie. This is an attractive and not entirely novel proposition; but for the moment, not having space to discuss it, I will content myself with a modest but emphatic repudiation. What matters at the instant is not the principle, but what Mr. Clive Bell does with it. It compels him to bracket H. G. Wells and Harold Begbie as equals in nonentity, to demand superlatives for Marivaux, to regard Giotto as a sort of decadent, to deny any artistic merit to Galsworthy and George Moore (a remarkable couple), to claim as our best living novelists, Hardy, Conrad and Virginia Woolf (an even more remarkable trio), and to lump together as examples of *le faux bon* the plays of Rostand and Stephen Phillips, the productions of Reinhardt and Bakst, and the Omar of Edward FitzGerald. It makes him sum up and dismiss Carlyle in this sentence:

> "From the beginning to the end of his works there is neither pure thought nor pure feeling—nothing but a point of view which is now perceived to be ridiculously plebeian."

It makes him so sure of himself that this is how he writes of a contemporary artist:

> "The other striking thing in the arena is Mr. Epstein's statue. Approached from behind, as the present writer approached it, this has very much the air of an important work of art; and that it well may be. Closer examination, however, raises some doubts. Is it, perhaps, only the imitation of one? Mr. Epstein is a baffling artist. His skill and scholarship are amazing, and he seems to have convictions; but what are they? Has he merely a brilliant gift for description, helped out and sophisticated by a subtle taste? Or has he a queer entangled sense of the significance of form? Is he a plastic artist or an extraordinarily gifted statuary?"

These passionate queries are left unanswered; and on the whole it appears that an Absolute of criticism that leaves its possessor for ever quivering on a point of interrogation is not such a valuable possession as first appeared.

If I seem unkind to Mr. Clive Bell, I can only plead in extenuation that his manner invites retort. His book would have been more tolerable had he refrained from penning a prefatory letter in which he seems to advance a claim to superiority in criticism that his actual efforts do not justify. I must add, and I sincerely wish I could say it at fairer length, that his book contains many very true and stimulating remarks, and that it will contribute to the education of all who read it, even if it does no more than make them seek to justify their dissent. One paper, "Art and War" (by far the best in the book), deserves the utmost possible publicity. On the whole, the volume must be called a book, not of views, but of side-glances.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's modest volume is the slightest yet most satisfactory of the three. It has its own clear point of view. It reveals an engaging personality, and its contents, though dealing with subjects as diverse as Samuel Butler, Lord George Sanger, Meredith, Dan Leno, Voltaire and Bostock's Menagerie, are all of a piece. That is, it is a real book of essays. Special praise should be given to the paper called "The G.O.M." which depicts Gladstone, not as a politician or as a domestic hero, but as a dæmonic personality with a peculiarly compelling power. In these days when the appeal of our public men to the nation has fallen so far below the tragic dignity of the times it is good for us to be reminded of a statesman whose political creed we may perhaps think mistaken, but whose public life and influence we must admit to have been entirely noble.

Our third essayist, who prefers to remain anonymous, is more exclusively bookish than the other two. For peace, strength and consolation in these years of trial he has turned to literature and never turned in vain. He, too, has the right essayist's homogeneity, and his

* "Pot-Boilers." By Clive Bell. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Remnants." By Desmond MacCarthy. 5s. net. (Constable.)—"Peace of Mind: Essays and Reflections, August, 1914—September, 1917". 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

book will certainly convey to its readers something of the writer's own sanely hopeful spirit. It is none the worse for being what some people may call old-fashioned, for presenting standard views of standard writers. But the author should know better than to adduce "Essays and Reviews" as an organ of the "Tractarian Movement," and to dismiss Mr. Bernard Shaw as a mere detractor of Shakespeare. Mr. Shaw (like most of us) has said stupid things about "the Bard," but few people have praised him more justly. I should like, too, to take up the author's challenge when he asserts as "quite certain" that "the best artistic work in all mediums has been done in conditions of relative poverty." But instead of discussing the matter I will present him with a counter-assertion that the best artistic work in all mediums has been done in conditions of relative comfort by people who did not have to work for a living. Let us for the moment leave it at that.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best topical parody on any well-known Fairy Tale in not more than a hundred and fifty words.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What the War has Taught Me.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to M. K. Fayrer, of Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1., for the following:

COBBLE-STONES.

In the yellow summer mornings, when the sunny silence flutters,
And the night's grey, ragged edges flush and pale with red and white,
And the wall is barr'd with gold that comes a-shafting through the shutters,
And the birds seek dusty wallows, while their nestlings chirp and fight,
Then the carts go squeaking, rumbling,
With their cross old drivers grumbling,
With their stray potatoes tumbling—
Earth-encrusted, plump and brown;
Then the carts go jingling, jangling,
With their cross old drivers wrangling,
With their bobbing turnips dangling,
Through the village to the town.

Mr. Theodore Maynard,
whose new book of poems, "Folly," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

London roads are hard and even, London roads are smooth and shining,
Where the wit of wise Macadam strews the asphalt on the flints;
In the lanes between the copses there is grass the deep ruts lining,
There are baby lakes that glisten in the wheel and horse-shoe prints.
But the cobbled village highway
Is as London ways a dryway,
Yet in any lane or by-way
Where the jolting axle groans,
There is no such merry bumping,
With the careful horses clumping,
And the vegetables jumping,
As upon the cobble-stones.

There are mallow-rubied meadows, whose tall trees are many nested,
That on either side are waving, and the birds fly low and sing,
There's a stream with stony tumblings, little rapids, bubble-crested,
Every comer needs must follow to its fascinating spring.
Through the lapwing's sky-brought singing,
(On the list'ning branches swinging),
Through the stream's clear music ringing—
Plaintive laughter, merry moans—
You may hear the squeaking, rumbling,
While the axle jolts and groans,
You may hear the merry bumping
And the heavy horses clumping
On the narrow village highway,
That's a rough way, and a dryway,
Being paved with cobble-stones.

M. K. FAYRER.

We also select for printing:

TENEBRAE.

The greater light to rule the day,
The lesser light to rule the night
Thou gavest, and I praise for these,
But also for the feeble ray
Of rush and lamp—and candle light—
And starlight through the trees.

Ah, when upon my latter day
The greater darkness shall descend,
Grant Thou a little taper's ray
To light me to the end.

(Maude McGuire, 7, Parker's Road, Sheffield.)

TO FINDON.

The road that winds to Findon
Is long and lean and grey,
And trimmed with nodding thistles,
And twisting all the way,
Between the mustard-yellow
Across the clover-red,
A road to love while living
And dream about when dead.

The road that winds to Findon
Is smelling sweet with thyme,
And would that I might walk there
To hear the sheep-bells chime,
Then Hope—she treads the Downlands
Through Sussex to the sea—
And Faith whose home is Findon
Might make a friend of me.

(Beryl Carter, Highfields, Bexhill, Sussex.)

SEVENTEEN.

Under a filmy bridal veil
A year ago her bright hair gleamed;
But no adorning might avail
To rob her of her youth; she seemed
Only an eager careless child—no more—
Who for an hour puts off her pinafore.

Now all in sable she goes dressed
With wide dark eyes that scarcely see
The little hands that clutch her breast:
Rocking her baby on her knee
She croons the lullaby (it makes one weep!)
With which she used to sing her dolls to sleep.

(Vivien Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Dorothy Grenside (London, W.C.), A. E. Parsons (Salisbury), Mary Bachelder (Auckland, N.Z.), A. S. M.; I. L. Watts (Regent's Park), L. H. C. (Henley), Phyllis Marks (London), Bessie M. Stephens (Cardiff), E. R. L. (Durham), Lieut. G. N. Goodman (Rawalpindi), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), V. Ware (Sandown), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), D. H. D. (Lee), Margaret Brown (Calne), Robert Johnson (Croydon), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Queenie Scott-Hopper (Whitley Bay), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Gerald S. Swindells (Birkenhead), E. K. N. (London, S.W.), Freda Clarke (Rugby), Faith Hearn (Ilminster), Doris Welch (London, S.W.), Mary Farrah (Bradford), Sergeant Martin Hill (France), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Sydney Jeffery (Burscough), Ena D. Reynolds (Newport), Corporal F. Dowman (France), Rev. W. H. Channings (Devonport), Gunner F. J. Macdonald (France), Barbara Storey (Lymington), Frank E. Westbrook (Heytesbury), Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), Co.-Sergt.-Major W. M. MacNevin (France), L. Parkinson (Halifax), M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford), Corporal Charles Kent (Redcar), Peggie W. Westbrook (Heytesbury), Edith E. Hammond (Edinburgh), St. Clair Scott (Richmond), Edith E. Beechey (Lincoln), D. M. Butlin (Thornton Heath), M. B. A. (Barnsley), G. E. Sterry (Crowborough), Mabel Caws (Sunderland), C. Field (Brighton), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Percy Allott (Sheppey), Lieut. A. Inglis (Colinton), F. W. Kulicke (Walton), Gunner E. Tolson (Catterick), L. T. Nicholson (Leeds), Lieut. C. Harold Williams (Llanelly), M. K. (York), Anna Walker (Sleights), Isabel Roget (Kensington), Honor Drury (Englefield Green), Averil Vivian (Barrow), Amy E. Evers (Stourbridge), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Richard Mansfield (South Wimbledon), Mary Casement (Rathlin Island), Gunner F. B. (Bristol), Mary E. Kevin (Belfast), Susan Miles (London, W.C.), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), M. V. G. Hunt (Brook Green), Private R.W. Shaw (Shoreham), R.Younghusband (Duncan, Canada), Cadet J. M. Thompson (Highgate).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss H. Porter, of Donnycamey House, Dublin, Ireland, for the following:

THE TELEPHONE GIRL. By A. and C. ASKEW. (Ward, Lock.)

"Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream."
W. COWPER, *To Mary.*

We also select for printing:

A MARRYING MAN. By G. B. STERN. (Nisbet.)

"Come into the garden, Maud."
TENNYSON.

(Alfred Green, Harewood, Skipton.)

THE CAUSE. By LAURENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews.)

"It's that confounded cucumber
I ate and can't digest."
Ingoldsby Legends.

(Miss Florence Aston, The School House, Girls' High School, Skipton-in-Craven.)

TOP SPEED. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen.)

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

(Elsie I. Herrington, The Hall, Ashford, Middlesex; Juanita Peirse, London, S.W.; Winifred Ward, Southsea; P. P. Buttle, Forest Gate.)

III.—This PRIZE is divided and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to N. Walker, of Hawarden, Bloomfield, Belfast, Ireland, and Two to Hector F. C. Munro, of Craigneuk, King Street East, Helensburgh, for the following:

PLEASURES I CAN HAVE FOR NOTHING.

The pleasures of society, companionship with a well-loved friend, our talks and our still more precious silences instinct with understanding that needs no words: the study of faces in a crowd, the interest of fitting them in fancy with histories and characters, the possibilities in the curve of an eyebrow or the shape of a hand. The joys of solitude too, the ever-changing panorama spread by Nature—that artist whose infinite variety Time cannot stale: the Columbus-thrill of coming suddenly on one of her gems of workmanship—a bit of sea glimpsed down a vista of springtime green, a gipsy lane bordered with creamy hawthorn, a beech-tree in May, an autumn wood glowing in gold and scarlet; the earthy scent of primroses, the caress of the waves on the shore, the blackbird's song, the open road, moonlight, sunlight, sunset and dawn—these pleasures and a hundred others are mine and all for the taking.

N. WALKER.

PLEASURES I CAN HAVE FOR NOTHING.

There are no pleasures for nothing—something must be paid for even the cheapest. Many people, no doubt, consider walking a pleasure devoid of expense, but these people do not think on the cost of boots and the type of leather in use at the present time. On reading this they will likely say that one can walk without boots. Walking then would be no pleasure. The next set of people will think that sleeping is a pleasure with no expense attached. To them I say that beds cost something. They will reply by saying that one can sleep in the open. Have they ever tried it? Doctors do not usually render small accounts. Perhaps the cheapest pleasure of all is selling things. But even the things one sells must be paid for in some way or other. So, one can have no pleasure for nothing.

HECTOR F. C. MUNRO.

No recent competition has proved more popular than this, several of the essays are very good, and some of the best are disqualified for overrunning all space limits, one exceeding five hundred words. We specially commend the essays by F. E. Armistead (Ashton-in-Makerfield), Florence Judson (Clacton), Lance-Corporal T. W. Morden (Eastbourne), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), J. A. B. (Highgate), Mary I. Machar (Castle Eden), Kathleen W. Coales (Market Harborough), Flora H. Southgate (Maidenhead), J. W. Maxwell (Ramsey), Irene Wintle (Portland), A. M. Bethune (Northam), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Maude Hall (Winchester), R. H. Kipling (Somerleigh), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Frances Brown (South Kensington), Private Brian Winstanley (Bradford), M. Homerton (Forest Gate), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), E. K. N. (London, S.W.), H. Leonard (Skipton), Winifred Spriggs (Herne Hill), "Cew" (Brighouse), Fredk. H. Eva (Sandown), Edward H. Forster (Thorne), Mr Whitaker (Doncaster), M. B. (Stowmarket), M. R. Morran (Plumstead), M. A. P. Price (Handsworth), Samuel Spence (Londonderry), M. G. Dodds (Timperley), Frank Kelly (Dublin), Doris Halsey (Walsall), T. F. Brogden (Scarborough), C. Burton (Upper Norwood).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Isabelle Griffin, of Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton, for the following:

JAMESIE. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Contemporary literature is richer for the work of Miss Sidgwick. In "Jamesie" she has produced a "during-the-war" study unique in form and treatment, touching developments in the life of to-day with unerring and clear vision. Revealed through the difficult medium of collected correspondence, her dramatis personæ are amazingly alive. Action and character are unfolded with consummate art; and above all, there is the fascinating figure of Jamesie. Jamesie is a bright spirit worthy to rank beside the immortal children in our literature. He might fittingly typify the waste of youth, beauty and vitality which has fallen upon our time.

We also select for printing:

THE WAR WORKERS. By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Heinemann.)

This is a brilliant sketch of certain aspects of women's work. The loyal devotion of the various girl-workers at the Midland Supply Depôt, their virtues and weaknesses, are revealed better than by pages of description in their conversation, which, if not always humorous, is a source of unfailing amusement to the reader. Miss Vivian, adored by all the staff except her secretary—whose independence and common sense are really refreshing—is the self-centred, limelight-loving Director of the Depôt, and one regrets that she is not made, before the story ends, to see herself as others see her.

(Elsie M. Meredith, 4, Queen Annes, Bideford, Devon.)

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH. By LEONARD MERRICK. With Introduction by J. M. BARRIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Than Merrick there is no one with a greater art of telling a story if that art consists in making us for ever wonder what we are to find on the next page. We take this sentimental journey with Conrad fancying that to revisit the scenes will be to recover the emotions and feel again the blasts of bairnhood playing through the old wynds. Conrad's adventures in the Quartier Latin and Sweetbay are cunningly told, but the author's bewitching digressions and clever characterisation in Mrs. Adaile and Rosalind are the abiding charm of the book. The preface is "Best Barrie."

(E. Kathleen White, 21, Rowan Road, Hammersmith)

CHRISTINE. By ALICE CHOLMONDELEY. (Macmillan.)

One hears on all sides that every one is "weary of war novels," and yet there are some which one would be very sorry not to have read, and chief among these ranks "Christine." The very form in which it is written is arresting, and the naturalness of the style brings most vividly before the reader the events therein portrayed. The book gives a never-to-be-forgotten picture of German life in the May, June and July before the fateful August, and no one who has read the description is likely ever to forget it. It is certainly a book worth reading.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We specially commend the reviews by Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Rev. G. A. Payne (Knutsford), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Rolanda Hirst (Earl's Court), Winifred M. Spriggs (Herne Hill), Harold Taylor (Ramsgate), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), Gordon Barnard (Winchester), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Ethel Webster (Bristol), M. Bowden (Stowmarket), Lavender Rosarf (London, W.), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Frances M. N. Tall (Harrogate), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), R. W. King (Lewisham), M. E. Crookes (Derby), Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. A. Newman (Brighton), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Gertrude Bishop (St. Leonards), J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), M. C. Barnard (London, W.), H. Leonard (Skipton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Private Robert C. Bodker, S.344028, A.S.C. Records Office, Woolwich Dockyard, S.E.18.

TO A FIREFLY BY THE SEA.

BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

Little torch-bearer, alone with me in the night,
You cannot light the sea, nor I illumine life.
They are too vast for us, they are too deep for us.
We glow with all our strength, but back the shadows sweep:
And after a while will come unshadowed Sleep.

Here on the rocks that take the turning tide;
Here by the wide lone waves and lonelier wastes of sky,
We keep our poet-watch as patient poets should,
Questioning earth's commingled ill and good to us.
Yet little of them, or naught, have truly understood.

Bright are the stars and constellated thick.
To you, so quick to flit along your flickering course,
They seem perhaps but glowing mates in other fields.
And all the knowledge I have gathered yields to me
Scarce more of the great mystery their wonder wields.

For the moon we are waiting—and behold
Her ardent gold drifts up, her sail has caught the breeze
That blows all being thro' the Universe always.
So now, little light-keeper, you no more need nurse
Your gleam, for lo, she mounts and sullen clouds disperse.

And I with aching thought may cease to burn
And humbly turn to rest—knowing no thought of mine
Can ever be so beauteous as have been to me
Your soft beams here beside the sea's elusive din:
For grief too oft has kindled me, and pain, and the world's sin.

New Books.

A TRIPLE CHORD.*

A book of verses by Mr. Walter de la Mare is always a refreshment and a delight, and if this be true of the piping times of peace, it is trebly so in these days of stress and strain. The poem which gives the title to Mr. de la Mare's new volume has been published before as "The Fool Rings His Bells." It is one of the longest, though scarcely the most charming or important, of the poems now brought together, and I prefer to think that the author designates the volume "Motley" not so much to emphasise one particular poem, as rather to imply that the collection deals with no especial theme, but includes verses on a variety of subjects which to the poet are matters of concern. For here is a book of good faith, no faded copy of a greater original, but a volume brimming over with the personality of its writer. The humour which is so delightful a facet of his talent, and which found such unique expression in "Off the Ground," may not be so explicit as heretofore, but who can wonder if laughter is a little hushed these tragic times! Nevertheless humour is here, for example in the exquisite and roguish poem of "The Blind Boy." By way of compensation the peculiar gifts of Mr. de la Mare are present in abundance—his sense of beauty, and that quality of emotion which, to this generation, is of more importance than beauty itself. The loveliness of natural things finds lovely expression in Mr. de la Mare's pages. His cypress tree takes the stars for fruit, and his garden blows with bergamot and thyme. But the poet's theme is inexhaustible. Even should his pen have told of Leviathan and the Honey Fly, and reached the Z of nature, there would yet remain (as "The Scribe" tells us) Thou, Lord, and I. Other poets, however, may have as fastidious a sense of beauty, as piercing a quality of emotion, as Mr. de la Mare. His essential gift, in which he excels them all, is in the hush and brooding silence which steal from his verses. He is the poet of the sealed and secret garden, and of the ghostly house tense with stillness. His poetry is full of images such as these. I fancy that the author of "The Two Houses," and many another such poem, must greatly admire Lamb's essay in dove colour, "A Quaker's Meeting," and it is my pleasure to imagine him turning over the leaves of his "Imitation," and lingering on the passages exalting the virtues of silence above all the graces of speech.

For here is the irony of things. A poet whose very stock-in-trade is words and rhythm, prefers silence before speech! He expresses his preference in golden phrase and in exquisite music. Take but one burst of the latter from "The Revenant":

"O all ye fair ladies with your colours and your graces,
And your eyes clear in flame of candle and hearth,
To'rd the dark of this old window lift not up your smiling faces,
Where a shade stands forlorn from the cold of the earth."

Such music is indeed delightful, so delightful in this and many other poems that it emboldens me to criticise. A little further labour would have removed certain flaws and made plain a certain obscurity which interfere with a reader's complete enjoyment of this poetry. Above all I would suggest that Mr. de la Mare's habit of breaking the metre of his verses is carried to excess. I know it is not fashionable to maintain this view. Doubtless the catch in the rhythm destroys monotony, and jogs the attention of the hearer. But a good thing can be purchased at too great a price, and this poetry is so beautiful that I would have it perfect if I could.

Of the two books of verses which follow it is possible to write more summarily. The name of Mr. S. Barrington Gates is unfamiliar to me, but "Cargo" was well worth publication in Mr. Blackwell's artistic series of Adventurers All. Undoubtedly he has the root of the matter in him, for at their best—and every poet is entitled to be appraised at his best—his poems have a rhythm and a melodious choice of words very winning to the ear. Occasionally a certain thinness of thought cheapens various poems, and it would be interesting to know whether before writing "To My Daughter, a Year Old," Mr. Gates had studied Beddoes's "Dream Pedlary" and Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the most recent of our great Little Masters. For the rest the sources of his inspiration are perfectly clear. Love, marriage, childbirth—the common and elemental experiences of life—are his themes, these and the great war, on which too he writes excellently well. Mr. Gates's dedication to his wife is so felt and charming that I make no apology for the quotation.

"Comrade of the steady hand,
Beauty's been in every weather,
Life's gone bravely caravanned
Since we took the road together.

* "Motley, and Other Poems." By Walter de la Mare. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Cargo." By S. Barrington Gates. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)—"Horizons at Dawn and at Dusk." By Colin Tolly. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

" Beauty's been, and praise and laughter,
Blowing, breathing at your side.
Take the songs that follow after,
Comrade of the steady stride."

Mr. Colin Tolly, the author of " Horizons," is obviously a man of reading and culture. He is a student of many literatures and of science, and is deeply concerned with those various religions in which man has cradled his illusions and enshrined his dreams. Certainly he is a man of parts. Naturally enough " Horizons " is a record of his interests, and deals with his religious and scientific studies —the obscure origins of man's life (" An Ancestral Portrait-Gallery ") and those " Ancient Fanes " which were the secret habitations of his worship. It is impossible to read the volume without sincere respect for the attainments of the writer, nor without speculation as to whether poetry is the willing vehicle for such a load of learning. I am not persuaded that Mr. Tolly has assimilated thoroughly this wide reading for the purposes of his art. Divine philosophy, as we know, is neither harsh nor crabbed, but the lines in which Mr. Tolly expresses his own philosophy too frequently are. The masters on whom he has modelled his style seem to be Browning and Meredith, and it would be affectation to pretend that he has always avoided the pitfalls digged by them for the unwary. Strange experiments in rhyme and with the sonnet form are the results of these admirations, together with a habit of packing verses with more than they can contain, and crowding words so that they cannot breathe. Sincere and thoughtful Mr. Tolly's verse unfailingly is. I could wish it to be more indulgent to the student who runs as he reads, so that its merits might be the more readily appreciated.

EUGENE MASON.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER.*

So many novels of our time are content with the hack contrast between pre-war conditions and the present that it is refreshing to find one turning on the transition of an individual, and spinning new beauty and drama out of a theme like loss of memory. The success of the experiment, and the way in which a modest-seeming story turns out a brilliant essay in psychology, shows that Miss West will never be content with the beaten tracks of episode and dialogue. She has studied her Henry James too well for that, and those who read her little monograph on that magician will be prepared for the quiet surprises she has packed away here. Possibly many of them will have expected more. Nor are they to be denied the objection, perhaps, that her hero is not only passive and listless but stiff in his joints. His soldiership is on the shelf, his present consciousness a blank; he is only a hero, in fact, by virtue of our commiseration.

It is in the feminine aspects that this book reaches excellence and maintains it easily, nor do we perceive many plots in future to give the author a better chance for her powers of temperament-analysis. Kitty, the wife, is a cameo so far as outlines go; but she has buried with her child whatever soul she had, and motherhood counts so little in her scheme of things that the average reader may be in danger of forgetting the tiny tragedy until the climax brings it up again. As for the narrator, Jenny, her friend, she cannot be much more than a chorus, so that if the story were merely a quartet of character, it might run the risk of undisguisable collapse. It is so very much more, in point of fact, that we hardly notice the faintness of the character portrayal, or the vividness with which mere decorative detail covers it as with a mirage of tantalising colour. Over and over again we seem to be saying that this is a new effect in fiction, until we remember our Henry James, and then we see that this disciple is playing in the same school of fantasia, not on personality and incident and the patterning of resonant words, but on the finer shades of human nature and relationship. The vitality of the book lies in the woman who comes back into Chris's life across the gulf of fifteen years, and sheds the commonplaceness of her outward self as she might a borrowed garment. Sometimes Miss West is needlessly insistent on the dowdiness of Margaret's garb and manners, but nothing in the way of juxtaposition or irrelevance can dim the large radiance of this woman's nature. She is a suburban Madonna sent into a stately manor house to win a war-broken brain back to sanity, and to rebuke its feline little mistress for her heartless egotism. It is the man that is cured, not the wife, and this perhaps is the crowning touch of logic in the performance. Miss West has done that rare thing in a young novelist: she has set herself to achieve a particular effect in a certain way, and she has done it to perfection. One's only misgiving is as to the way in which so delicate an idea is likely to be coarsened by her imitators.

J. P. COLLINS.

* " The Return of the Soldier." By Rebecca West. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

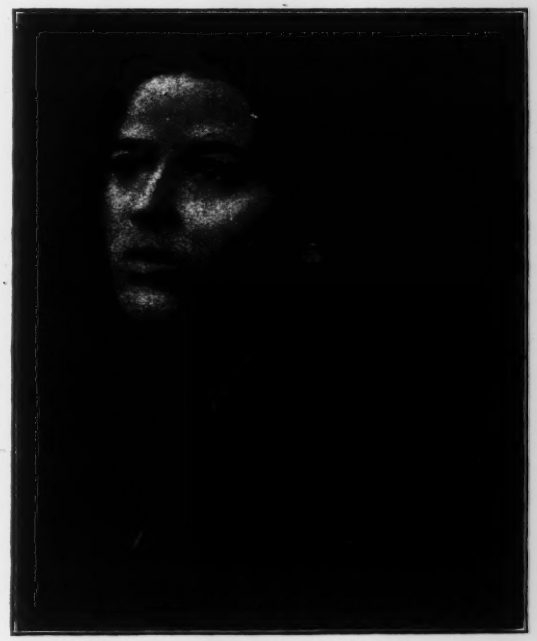


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Rebecca West.**

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO HISTORY.*

Opportunities are being afforded us to-day of studying the history of Modern Germany on a large scale. Much of it is so unfamiliar that a sensible effort is needed in the attempt to proceed from the small map to the large one, and even then the accomplishment of the better understanding is by no means certain. It is hard to praise too much the splendid enterprise of the house of Jarrold & Sons, in giving us a complete version of Treitschke's " History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." The scale is enormous. The first large 12s. 6d. volume of 700 pages is occupied with Preliminaries leading up to 1815, three further volumes on a scale more minute carry us forward some twenty years or less. Enormous and exhausting as the scale is, however, the book proves easier of perusal than Sir Adolphus Ward's " History of Germany," of which about 1,000 pages in two volumes have already

* " History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." 4 vols. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 12s. 6d. net per vol. (Jarrold.)—" Germany." 2 vols. By A. W. Ward. With Chapters by Spenser Wilkinson. 12s. net per vol. (Cambridge University Press.)—" British Foreign Policy in Europe." By H. E. Egerton. 6s. net. (Macmillan.) —" Outlines of Mediæval History." By C. W. Previté Orton. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)—" Main Currents of European History, 1815-1915." By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—" Europe in the Nineteenth Century." By E. Lipson. 4s. 6d. net. (Black.)

appeared. The formality of this History, the freezing temperature of its unmitigated political and military chronicle, and the comparative absence of generalisation or idea, make it an appallingly difficult book to read, and give a strong sense indeed that it must have been written by forced labour much against the grain. It is a splendid example of the futility of trying to teach history without influencing opinion. This influence may be exerted unduly, as in the case of Treitschke, and perhaps that of Froude—the centenary of whose birth we celebrated on Shakespeare Day, 1918—but it imparts a certain amount of life-giving warmth to the process of assimilation, without which history is bound to seem cold and dead.

Metternich, who is tugging at Germany in one direction, seems to represent the past in the great morality play which we have unfolded before us in these voluminous tomes. The English parliamentary ideal is tugging away in another direction. But Bismarck comes in, in due course, as the strong man in the pantomime representing the present, and all Germany becomes obsequious to the will to power; the record of his success is a profoundly depressing one for your anti-militarist. Palmerston perhaps had the same will to power, combined with a very strong determination to liberty and national freedom, and for a long time things went very well with him, but there is a lack of actuality about his positive achievement which cannot fail to impress the contrast upon the mind of the most casual observer. The panorama that is unfolded here not only emphasises the fact, but explains the reason why the belief in an all-powerful Army has become such a cardinal article of faith among all typical and representative Germans. It explains, too, on a large scale why all those who wish ill to England have been so excessively anxious to impress upon us that the maxim, *Si vis pacem, para bellum,* is absolutely and entirely fallacious. Utopians have done the rest, and we have struggled along in a foolish paradise of splendid isolation, amid so much internal uproar and babble of internal reform as the heritage of a chosen race that the great knocks from without on the door of our destiny were passed by absolutely unheeded.

It is hard for a history-student to read Treitschke without an emotion of historical pride. This *historical* championship of Prussianism more than anything else has enabled Prussia to defy the world. More than any other single person this deaf Saxon diffused the theory of the divine right of force. The two regenerators of Germany according to Treitschke were the Prussian Zollverein and the reform of the Prussian Army; the greatest enemy of united Germany was, and is, Liberalism. This idea England symbolised, but in theory rather than in fact. For our Liberalism never faced the fact, disclosed by history, that we should surely have to fight for our very life against the force incarnate (for the time) in Prussia. The reality would have taught our island the value of foresight (of which backsight, in history, is the postulate); it would have taught us to realise how impossible in a state with a future is such a thing as chronic unemployment, how ignoble in perspective and in practice, how utterly futile is wealth without work or responsibility, and how contemptible in action is a nation-state which entrusts its protection in the last resort to a contingent of volunteers. What concerns all should be defended by all; if it does not concern all, why not? it must be made to! The lesson of the past and the task of the future—how to make them one! History, which has revealed so much of high value to slaves, is surely not going to withhold the supreme secret from free men.

The history of the years 1848–49 was enough to show that German unity could never be effected until one of the greater States, Prussia or Austria, should place its military resources at the service of the national party. The German liberals had undertaken in 1848 to reform simultaneously the Confederation and its constituent States. They had supposed that this could be done by a strong appeal to the conscience of the German nation, by preaching the gospel of representative institutions. And up to a point their efforts had been crowned with success. The majority of the governments had been induced to permit the election of a representative German Parliament. This Parliament had met at Frankfort (October, 1848) and had remained in being for six months. It included among its members the flower of German liberalism. It secured the services of an Austrian Archduke as the head of the federal executive; and it proceeded to draw up a code of fundamental laws. Unfortunately these fundamental laws, excellent as they were in principle, awakened the profound mistrust of the greater German powers. One law provided that in every German State there should be "responsible" government, by ministers answerable to a representative assembly. Another forbade the fusion of any German lands with lands which lay outside the boundaries of the Confederation; Hungary might not be united with Austria under one constitution; nor might Prussia be united with the more westerly possessions of the Hohenzollerns. Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Hanover refused to recognise the fundamental laws; and Prussia helped the King of Saxony to suppress a revolution raised by the constitutional party in that kingdom. The Frankfort Parliament, after long wranglings, decided that they must offer the Imperial crown to Prussia; when Frederick William IV. evaded giving a definite answer, the new Federal Constitution fell to the ground like a pack of cards. The local revolutions which had been expected to reform the governments of the Absolutist States, and to propagate the cult of national unity, proved everywhere a dismal failure. The Frankfort Parliament melted away in 1849; a Rump, composed of about 100 stalwarts, removed to Stuttgart, but was suppressed by the government of Würtemberg.

Many reasons might be given for this fiasco. The proceedings of 1848 often served Treitschke as a text for attacks upon German doctrinaires. The Frankfort Parliament had made the mistake of transplanting English constitutionalism to German soil, not perceiving that the English party system was the product of local and peculiar circumstances. From the first the representatives at Frankfort had been divided into a large number of unstable groups and cliques. Further, they had underrated the strength of monarchical feeling in the German States. In Prussia, for instance, the Hohenzollerns were the one great national institution; and the sort of constitutionalism which the liberals desired was avowedly intended to make the hereditary sovereign a cipher, a marionette whose wires would be pulled by a party Cabinet. Not only had Frederick William IV. revolted against the liberal schemes for reorganising his dominions; he had refused the Imperial crown on the ground that he was asked to become the servant of a written constitution and a popular assembly. Despite his many blunders he represented on this subject the national sentiment; the liberals had outraged the traditions of the strongest States in Germany. But above all they had not realised the importance of material force. They should have begun by securing the help of Prussia; and then they should have framed a constitution which Prussia would accept, a constitution making her interests identical with those of the federation.

But such a constitution would not have been a federation at all. So at least Treitschke argued. Prussia could never consent to be merely a member of a Bundesstaat. Such a constitution is only possible, he said, when the contracting States are on a level of equality; only durable when they are all democracies, as in Switzerland or Holland, or the United States.

The result was that Bismarck's experiments came as a boon and a blessing to the *tertium quid* in Germany. What were our observers and publicists and historians doing in this period? Were they blind or dumb, or were our countrymen so deafened by the clamour of the radical and insular millennium that they could not pay any attention? Our best diplomats were alarmed at the indifference shown in England to the subject of German unity. "Why can England find sympathy for the wars of oppressed Venetians

and Lombards, and none for oppressed Germans?" When the unity was accomplished by blood and iron, there were no grateful associations linking the evolution of Germany with the kindly words and generous acts of English sympathisers. We had been extraordinarily and blindly self-centred and insular over the whole struggle, but when the unification had become a *fait accompli* we were almost as supine in accepting the whole story at a German valuation.

For thirty years Moltke had been thinking out a war with France. In an essay published in 1841, and entitled "The Question of the Western Frontier," he wrote:

"All the territory that France has gained on her eastern borders since the thirteenth century has been robbed from Germany; all the lands of Burgundy and Lorraine are our ancient possessions unlawfully stolen by France. . . . If language marks the natural borders of a nation, the whole Rhine on its left as well as its right bank belongs to us, and we are entitled to demand Alsace and Lorraine. . . . The last treaties no doubt have given their sanction to the illegal possession of Alsace and Lorraine by France; but, if she should break them and begin a war . . . we ought not to sheathe the sword until we have obtained our whole right and France paid us her whole debt."

This meant a war which should end by the German Government dictating its own terms. Before that could be possible France must be disarmed and helpless, her armies destroyed, and her capital occupied. Such was the programme that Moltke set before himself. But an invasion of France must start from a secure Germany. Where should the German Army be assembled in order to protect Prussia and the rest of Germany? Undoubtedly, at Mainz; for there a Prussian Army would cover its own communications with Berlin, and would be able to strike in time either on the flank of a French Army marching towards the Lower Rhine and the fortresses of Coblenz, Cologne, and Wesel, or on the communications of a French Army invading South Germany. France would hardly be able to put into the field an army of more than 250,000 men. The Emperor Napoleon would not be likely to violate the neutrality of Switzerland or of Belgium, as that would absorb a part of his forces; he would be compelled by the lie of the French railway lines to assemble his troops at Metz and at Strassburg. Moltke, therefore, proposed to collect all the forces of the North-German Confederation and South-Western Germany to the south of Mainz, between the Moselle and the Rhine. When they were ready, they would advance towards the Moselle above Metz, and would be sure in a few days to meet the French forces. After defeating them, the German Army would march upon Paris. The defeat of the French Army in the field and the occupation of Paris would enable the King of Prussia to dictate his terms of peace.

The amazing realisation of all these careful anticipations seems to have taught England very little. It was historically a thunderclap in a clear sky. A new Holy Alliance seemed impending from which we should be excluded, to the no small detriment of our security. We had babbled of France as the permanent menace to the peace of Europe. The road to permanent peace was now far more insecure than it had been when France was the danger-spot, but the whole subject liked us little, and we voted, "away with it."

The dangers of this complete aversion of our minds from foreign politics are shown with a workman-like lucidity in the pages of Professor Egerton's "British Foreign Policy in Europe." This sketch of 420 pages is extended from Elizabeth to Edward VII., getting more detailed progressively as it goes along. It emphasises our self-complacent blindness more and more. How little on his visits did we fathom, or care to fathom, the way in which the Kaiser regarded us. Upon the whole it seems probable that his political ideals embraced Great Britain as a kind of naval Austria, attached to Germany; such ideals involved the truth of the assumption that England was to a very great extent a played-out Power, reclining unworthily on the position of honour which the forbears of the present defeated and decadent generation had won by toil and sacrifice. His professors and experts told him with one accord that this unflattering assumption was literally true. Still the English people and their leaders went on their way, severely indifferent to danger signals, which seemed to practical men to be somewhat theoretic. Fortunately the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger roused us for a moment, but only for a moment. We went on whistling, "splendid isolation," like a schoolboy returning from school through a churchyard on a dark night, when we ought to have been reconsidering the whole basis of British policy, and modelling it anew. With infinite difficulty we had accomplished an entente, but that was all, when the tornado burst.

The final concert, concludes Egerton, not of Europe but of the world—to which we must look forward as the ultimate goal, however slow and laborious may be the road to its attainment, can only be reached by attending to the old truth, that precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little. It may sound a paradox, but it is probably true, that in the present temper of the world the best prospect of durable Peace rests in the existence of strong alliances of Powers, ready to wage a defensive war on behalf of each other's interests if attacked.

These are all books for the library. Three volumes of a more immediately scholastic type deserve our very hearty commendation. The young English of the future will certainly be under no disadvantage in taking up recent history, and preceptors, let us hope, will be less chary of emancipating them from the care of Charters and the routine of William Rufus to William of Orange, a primrose path beyond which the schoolboy seldom effected escape into the *terra incognita* of our own time, or even of the century and a half that preceded it. Until recently one could confidently recommend Fyffe as a history of Europe to 1878, but beyond that what was there? Professor Hearnshaw, who is a master of vital organisation in teaching, now gives us an excellent "Main Currents of European History" (1815–1915) in which sixty-four pages are devoted to "The Schism of Europe, and the Great Crisis, 1901–1915," and still an Epilogue to "The Opening of the Conflict." The books cited at the chapter ends are specially helpful and really selective. "Europe in the Nineteenth Century" is the title of Mr. Lipson's book, treated here not so much internationally as by nations, certainly affording a very valuable companion narrative to the chronicle or comparative and chronological survey. The whole is condensed into under 300 pages, and there are eight very democratic portraits of sovereigns varied by Bismarck, Metternich, Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. The third college book is "Outlines of Mediæval History," down to the discovery of America by Columbus, by Previté Orton. The author sacrifices elegance, but seldom clearness, to brevity. Like Armado, he coins some words of no great charm such as negligeable (p. 22), visionariness (p. 299), valvassor (p. 207), and immunist (p. 150). He puts Hungary in Western Europe (p. 158) and introduces the Manchu dynasty into history far too early (p. 304), he tells us the "States General occurred" (p. 463), and "Alessandria repelled a long siege" and that "henceforward Rome and Italy had been the booty of a German chief" (p. 34); but the condensation is so well done (take the account of Canossa for instance) that the book is well worth while, and deserves every bit of success it may obtain. The only competitor of even approximate value is James Harvey Robinson's "Introduction to the History of Western Europe."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE REAL THING.*

As a rule one disapproves of Introductions—and especially Introductions to novels, and more especially still, Introductions to new novels. But Mr. Ben Tillett's Introduction to this present novel is so timely and apposite, and

* "Tumblefold." By Joseph Whittaker. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

withal so truly in the key of the book itself, that for once it seems quite in keeping and not in the least superfluous.

One agrees with Mr. Tillett when he says: "The author brings into vivid light what the actualities of the gutter life mean. We want books like these, and portrayals of slum-land, that will not only shame us to sympathy, but will nerve us to resent the conditions imposed upon the helpless childhood of our country. It is sad, even too sad, to think that such conditions still exist."

The conditions Mr. Tillett alludes to were those prevalent in all the great cities of England twenty, thirty, forty years ago. As he also suggests they still persist, but time has in some measure modified many of them. The children of to-day are not nearly so harshly or forbiddingly treated as the children of yesterday. It is at last recognised that they have rights as human beings equal at least to the rights of grown men and women. They are no longer regarded as merely so much potential material for the labour market. It is at last beginning to be dimly understood that merely as children they have their own lives to live, and that their lives are more precious alike to themselves and to the community than the lives of those who have lived out (let us say) half their span and, as their days decline toward old age and death, become ever less useful to the commonweal.

Not that I would have you jump to any false conclusions in so far as Mr. Joseph Whittaker's book is concerned. There is nothing of propaganda in it. It is just, as the author himself says in his opening paragraph, "a book of memories; a plain unadorned story."

It is the story of a slum in Wolverhampton and has mostly to do with children, though there are chapters—not so much to my particular taste—that savour a little of melodrama and sentimentalism. (And that is the last ungrateful carping word I have to utter.) But most forcibly it strikes me, as most books about the slums of other great towns have struck me, as being essentially no different in its revelations of the manners and customs, sayings and doings, work and play, from the revelations of similar aspects of the London poor.

I can conceive that Wolverhampton differs in many respects from Bradford and Bradford from Plymouth and Plymouth from Liverpool and Manchester. I can imagine that the inhabitants of almost any provincial town set down in another provincial town might find themselves as it were among strangers, almost foreigners; but I do know that any of them, transplanted to London, would soon find there most of the things they thought they had irrevocably left behind them in their native homes. And I say this all the more positively because, as a child in London, I have played all the games that Mr. Whittaker's delightful quintet of boys play—and many more—and that the people of "Tumblefold" are all twin brothers and sisters of the Cockney. Indeed, if this story had been placed in what is loosely known as the East End of London, I should have observed only some very few discrepancies.

And that, I think, is the vital merit of this book. It is authentic. The author has not presented us with any remarkably queer characters of eccentric speech and conduct, and labelled them Tumblefoldians, as many of his forerunners have. He has gone straight to human nature for his main effects. And he has found that everywhere human nature is the same fruit though it grows on a big tree.

To the undiscerning it might seem that a good many of his types are stock types; but let us range among our own acquaintances and see for ourselves how they also group themselves—until we know them intimately—and then, I think, it will be discovered that it is our author's peculiar instinct in this direction that distinguishes his talent. He has no use for frills and furbelows. He just remembers and records scenes and people, the usual experiences and companions of his boyhood, and leaves it at that. There are moments when he seems to tremble on the verge of banality, but he always saves himself by a miracle of simple artistry. There are incidents described in this book that a more sophisticated writer would fear to handle because of their obviousness. Yet such an incident as that of "The Quarrel," for example, is a triumph of acute perception, tempered by a gentle humour and wrought to a prodigious effect of ineluctable truth by its tremendous sympathy with and fidelity to the boyish temperament.

Photo by J. P. Bamber, Blackpool. **Mr. Joseph Whittaker.**

And there are other incidents described not less felicitously, because at first sight they may seem a little hackneyed. There is the incident of the carol-singing, the "Great Snow House," the "Panorama," "Johnny Yeubrey's Garden," and the "Sunday School Treat"; all these in their eager, joyous telling are replete with humour and with something deeper that thrills and moves the heart. There is, I repeat, a sort of joyous eagerness about their recital which renders them inimitable, and I can think of no other writer who has achieved just these effects in just this compelling fashion.

In fine, we have in Mr. Joseph Whittaker—whose work I have never met before, and therefore cannot say if this be his first book or not—an author who must surely rank with those of the more considerable novelists who really have something to say and know how to say it, not only without offence but to every intelligent reader's intense delight and refreshment. There is strength and beauty and, above all, a quiet sincerity about "Tumblefold" that should commend it to the elect. For myself I know that I shall read it again and again, and always with an enhanced appreciation of its outstanding qualities so radiant of a pure kindly heart and a clear calm understanding.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, contends in his book on the Bagdad Railway[1] that "there is no reason to suspect that at the outset, the German *capitalists* who fathered the enterprise were actuated by any other motive than the perfectly legitimate one to create a new avenue of commerce." The German Government, however,

[1] "The War and the Bagdad Railway: The Story of Asia Minor and Its Relation to the Present Conflict." By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. With 14 Illustrations and a Map. 6s. net. (Lippincott Company.)

ABOUT "PELMANISM."

By SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D., Editor of *British Weekly*.

I HOPE there is no need for me to apologise for my reluctance, as an editor, to comment upon anything which is the subject of advertisement in these pages.* It may be, in some degree, a conventional prejudice, but there is a good deal to be said in defence of it.

But I am frequently receiving inquiries about "Pelmanism," and, in view of the growing public interest in this movement, I have decided to set down briefly the conclusions which I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence, both internal and external.

In the public interest, it is obviously important to know whether the far-reaching claims made on behalf of Pelmanism are, or are not, justified. If true, then the movement presents boundless possibilities in the direction of progress, both for the individual and for the nation. And I may as well say at once that the available evidence disposes me strongly to this view.

Some twenty years ago I first met the founder of the Institute, Mr. W. J. Ennever, and listened with profound interest to what he had to say of the Pelman system. If I mistake not, it was at that time simply a memory-training system. It interested me intensely, because it carried out a thought that was often present in my mind—the thought that people might be divided into two classes—those whose education was terminated with their schooldays, and those who kept on educating themselves. I find in Elinor Mordaunt's new novel, "The Pendulum," an exact definition of what I mean. She says: "It is significant of Michael's character that while poor Tim's education, such as it was, came to an end the day he left school, it was only then that the younger brother's really began." Also I remembered Samuel Butler's picture of an ideal commonwealth, in which the proved neglect of a man to admit a new idea into his mind for ten years was treated as a crime.

That "Pelmanism" should have been received at first with a certain amount of scepticism is, on the whole, natural and understandable. Great innovations call for an attitude of cautious reserve: one does not like to risk being stampeded into action. It is more than disappointing to find that one has been caught in the swirl of a passing craze.

Sufficient time has, however, elapsed to furnish us with trustworthy data to arrive at a proper estimate of the worth of "Pelmanism." Its case no longer rests merely upon the assertions of its founders; it stands upon the more substantial ground of *things done*. It is the accomplished result which must, in the end, be the criterion of value. Theory is one thing: practical attainment is another. "Pelmanism" is vindicated handsomely, in my view, by the astonishing record of its performances.

And these performances are recorded, not by the Pelman Institute itself, but by those who have taken a Pelman course, and have applied its principles to their own personal needs. Moreover, much of this evidence (as I shall presently show) is incidental—*i.e.*, it is not addressed to the Pelman Institute, and is communicated independently of the Institute.

Readers of the *British Weekly* are tolerably familiar with the name and work of the Pelman Institute. Long before it achieved its present distinction, the Pelman Institute's announcements appeared in these pages. Then, as I have said, it was merely a memory-training system. But the intervening years have fostered large developments. The system has broadened its channels. The Institute has gathered the fruit of experience. "Pelmanism" no longer confines its efforts to the training of one faculty of the human mind: it aims at the scientific development and strengthening of *all* of our mental powers—what we call psycho-synthesis.

"Development and increase by discipline and exercise" may be taken as the foundation-principle of "Pelmanism." Psychologists are agreed that the principle is thoroughly sound and scientific: results show that it is inherently practical and fruitful. Common sense also agrees that the principle is essentially right, for we well know that upon regular use or exercise depends the efficiency of every organ, limb, and muscle of our organisation.

Strength is promoted by activity: disuse results in atrophy. Nature is a utilitarian: she does not waste her gifts upon those who neglect them. Anatomists tell us that in our bodies are traces of organs which have practically vanished—forfeited by centuries of disuse. And the brain—the organ of mind—does not escape this general law. Used and exercised, it thrives and increases its powers, mental weakness and inefficiency being the consequence of a lack of due mental exercise.

These facts have long been recognised: but the moral has not been acted upon. Psychology as a science is by no means new: but it has hitherto held itself too much aloof from everyday life. Theoretical science and abstract principles do not interest the busy man whose work consumes the greater portion of his day. Hence, psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man, until the findings of the scientists were linked up with the facts of everyday life by "Pelmanism." "Pelmanism" makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory search.

So much for the principle upon which the Pelman System is founded. What of its methods?

A professor of psychology recently remarked that whilst he was delighted with what he had seen of the work and the popularity of the Pelman Institute amongst all classes and the results attained, he could not comprehend how the public had been won from its former indifference to psychology; he said he supposed it was due to "advertising."

That was a hasty conclusion, and, I think, a wrong one. Clever and insistent advertising will doubtless do much to bring a thing into temporary prominence, and will always attract the unwary and the unthinking. But "Pelmanism" has now been prominent for a lengthy period, and it is, moreover, rapidly enlisting every section of the community. Members of the legal, medical and other professions are not notoriously amenable to "advertising," and the registers of the Pelman Institute contain the names of too many members of these professions—too many men with brilliant university records, and too many men and women of acknowledged standing in literary, educational and intellectual circles to allow it to be possible that "advertising" is the explanation.

No. The success which has attended "Pelmanism" can but be fairly attributed to the success of the attempt to clothe the dry bones of the *science* with the living flesh of everyday facts. The technology of the schools has been translated into the language of "real" life. It is this which makes "Pelmanism" appeal with equal force, but for various reasons, to the barrister and to the salesman—to the woman of fashion and to the worker—to the military leader and to the private—to the business man and to the student and the educationist. Men and women of every class and every age have at least this one need in common—the need for training the mind as systematically as the athlete trains his body. Modern life can be met with nothing less than a complete mental equipment. One's natural mentality is insufficient unless it is also efficient: and only training can make it efficient.

The Pelman Institute carries out its programme of training upon the basis of a strict analogy between physical and mental development. But the work goes much farther than training upon a common principle; the *individual* need of each student of the Course is the ultimate goal, and it is never lost sight of. Attention is focussed on helping men and women in their individual and special difficulties and on bringing out the best that is in each. "Interest" and "aim" are therefore treated as of paramount importance, as indeed they are, and in stopping that mental "drift" which is one of the diseases of the age, and in introducing definite purpose and direction into life and effort, the Pelman Institute is doing a work which it would be difficult to overpraise.

Many of the letters received by the Institute make it apparent that quite a large proportion of those enrolling are little prepared for the thoroughness with which Pelmanism compels a self-overhauling and a stocktaking of deficiencies and possibilities. Several writers express openly their astonishment at the new and wider outlook upon life which has resulted—and amongst these are men and women who have attained a considerable degree of success in their several vocations; showing that it is not only life's "failures" who are able to profit by the teachings of Pelmanism.

Of greater interest to me, however, is the testimony which has come privately, through various channels, into my hands. This I will deal with now.

(*Continued on the back page.*)

* *This article first appeared in* THE BRITISH WEEKLY, *dated June 6th, 1918.*

"entered the field as the backer and promoter of the scheme," and then "the political aspect of the railway was moved into the foreground, and that aspect has since overshadowed the commercial one."

The author adduces two reasons for this transformation of the character of the project. First, he says, the marvellous industrial expansion of Germany naturally conduced to the growth of Germany's political power and "led her rulers to cherish political ambitions which were *unnatural* because they transgressed bounds dictated both by existing circumstances and by due consideration for the peace of the world." Second, the close alliance established between Germany and Turkey, dating back to 1885, "led to the reorganisation of the Turkish Army under the tutelage of German officers."

The last point deserves to be elucidated. The convention designed in 1902–03 giving the concession to build the Bagdad Railway to a German syndicate styled *La Société Impériale Ottomane du Chemin de Fer de Bagdad*, stipulated that the railway " . . . was to be used by the Turkish Government for military transportation, and the German company had to pledge itself to build military stations along the route, at an expenditure up to four million francs." This provision would have mattered little had not General von der Goltz been invited by Sultan Abdul Hamid to become a professor in the chief military school of Turkey, and had not, after the revolution of 1908–09, a military commission consisting of thirty German officers been appointed to train the Turkish Army. The conversion of the Turkish Army into a mere adjunct of the German Army placed in Prussian hands a powerful instrument that menaced the very existence of British India. Thus what might have served as a channel of communication between the East and the West, enabling Europe and Asia to exchange their material, moral and spiritual products, became a weapon that might at any moment be used by a European military Power to destroy the peace of the entire Middle East.

Dr. Jastrow is right in contending that not until one has followed the eventful history of Asia Minor and realised that the roads leading through that country to the eastward have played an important part in shaping human history, does one comprehend "the full political import of the Bagdad Railway." In about fifty pages he has managed to present the story of Asia Minor in a condensed yet interesting form, to show how waves of conquerors, from ancient times to the Middle Ages, poured through that country on careers of conquest. As the Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith says in his interesting pamphlet[2] the "military history of Syria may be pictured as the procession of nearly all the world's conquerors:—Thotmes, Tiglath-Pileser, Sargon, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar; Cambyses and Alexander; Pompey, Cæsar, Augustus, Titus and Hadrian; Omar and Saladin; Tamerlane; Napoleon." The road to the East remained open until the middle of the fourteenth century, when Constantinople fell, and the House of Osman (Ottoman) effectively blocked it. The Crusaders tried to open it, but failed in their endeavour. But for Prussian junkers, the Bagdad Railway would have formed a link between the two continents.

The ex-Czar and his bureaucrats realised, in the initial stages of the enterprise, that the Bagdad Railway menaced their own programme of expansion in the Middle East. They objected to the line passing through Northern Asia Minor, and the Germans, afraid of the "Russian steam-roller," revised their plans and settled upon the southerly route through Mesopotamia. The Russian autocrats were immensely pleased. They had made the Germans eat humble pie. They had, at the same time, conserved their own interests. Further, they had accentuated the clash of interests between Germany and Britain, at that time both rivals of Russia. The author takes the view that but for Russian interference, Britain or France would have been able to build a second line of railway through Asia Minor and Syria—a purely commercial undertaking "of great cultural value, marking the economic progress of contact between East and West."

It is quite clear that as the Bagdad Railway has been "the spectre of the twentieth century," causing strife between European Powers, it will constitute one of the greatest problems that will confront the peace conference that sooner or later will meet to end this war. Dr. Jastrow would see it internationalised. That would mean, he truly observes, "*co-operation* among European and American nations, and such co-operation spells also partnership with the East, instead of domination." Dr. Jastrow has gathered his historical data with great care, and his conclusions deserve attention.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

[2] "Syria and the Holy Land." By the Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, Kt., M.A., D.D., Litt.D., F.B.A., Principal of Aberdeen University. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

The Cambridge History of English Literature, by the publication of its thirteenth and fourteenth volumes to which the work had been extended, was completed towards the close of 1916. We have now the first of three volumes of a History of American Literature which are to form a Supplement to that important undertaking. It will, so the publishers' announcement informs, "of course be understood that, while the two 'Histories' are akin . . . and while the three volumes are to be regarded as a companion to the earlier work, the editors of the American volumes are solely responsible for their arrangement and contents." The names of these gentlemen must be fairly well known to students of English and American literature, both general and periodical. Professors Trent and Erskine (both of whom are described on the title page as Professors of English in the same University, viz., that of Columbia, although the former is elsewhere described as holding the chair of English Literature) are the joint authors of a delightfully interesting and able work, "The Great Writers of America," in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's aptly designated "Home University Library"; Professor Sherman is a frequent contributor to the *New York Nation;* and Mr. Van Doren wrote for Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. a very attractive life of the "laughing philosopher," Thomas Love Peacock, the friend of the poet Shelley. Of the eighteen contributors to the present volume more than half are professors or teachers of English in the various universities or educational establishments of their country. Among the remainder, perhaps the most familiar name will be that of Mr. Paul Elmer More, for many years editor of the *New York Nation*, a charming writer and very able critic, whose various and varied articles have been collected in several volumes in the "Shelburne Essays" series. In addition, we find another not unfamiliar name, that of Major G. H. Putnam, not only a noted American author, but also the head of the leading publishing firm, and one whose experience during the Civil War he related in his most intensely interesting monograph, "A Prisoner of War in Virginia," published some three or four years ago. With authors of such well-established repute, the success of the History of American Literature may be almost taken for granted. If such an attitude be considered as a rather uncritical one it may be at once said that the reading of it makes the success certain. It is a credit to American scholarship, and a worthy successor of the Cambridge "History." All the contributors write, as is claimed for them, "with special knowledge of the topic assigned." The material has been divided into three books, of which the present instalment deals with "Colonial and Revolutionary Literature," and a good portion of Early National Literature, 1789–1850. Special attention has been given to the Bibliographical Section which extends to more than a third of the whole work. The subjects discussed in the

* "A History of American Literature." Edited by W. P. Trent, Professor of English in Columbia University: John Erskine, Professor of English in Columbia University; Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Illinois; Carl Van Doren, Head Master of the Brearley School. Vol. I. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

eighteen chapters are as follows: "Travellers and Explorers, 1583–1763"; "The Historians, 1607–1783"; "The Puritan Divines, 1620–1720"; "Edwards"; "Philosophers and Divines, 1720–1789"; "Franklin"; "Colonial Newspapers and Magazines, 1704–1775"; "American Political Writings, 1760–1789"; "The Beginnings of Verse, 1610–1808." The foregoing form the subjects of Book I. Then follow such of the chapters of Book II. as are dealt with at present, with their headings: "Travellers and Observers, 1763–1846"; "The Early Drama, 1756–1860"; "Early Essayists"; "Irving"; "Bryant and the Minor Poets"; "Fiction I.: Brown, Cooper"; "Fiction II.: Contemporaries of Cooper"; "Transcendentalism"; "Emerson."

Two of the ablest thinkers of America were born during the eighteenth century. These were Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, whose lives and literary output are dealt with by Mr. Elmer More and Professor Sherman respectively. The former treats adequately of Edwards's principal work: "A careful and strict enquiry into the modern prevailing notions of that Freedom of the will which is supposed to be essential to moral agency," but not so thoroughly of his other works as was done by one of our own writers, Leslie Stephen, in "Fraser's Magazine," and afterwards collected in that author's delightful "Hours in a Library," 1874. Professor Sherman writes in masterly fashion of Franklin and his treatment of his subject's style is extremely fine. It is perhaps not generally known that the autobiography of the great Franklin was never completely printed in its author's words until this was done by Mr. George Bigelow in America so comparatively recently as the late sixties. Nor is it so well known, as it should be, that the only edition published in England appeared for the first time in the "Temple Autobiographies" in 1905 (since reprinted in "Everyman's Library") under the editorship of the late Mr. William Macdonald who, in addition to an admirable introduction, wrote a brilliant continuation of Franklin's life from the year at which the autobiography ends (1759) up to 1790, the year of Franklin's death. We understand that Mr. Macdonald, whose death in 1916 was a distinct loss to Letters, was for many years previous to his demise engaged upon a full biography of the great statesman. We hope it was in such a state of completion as to ensure its publication in due time.

Major Putnam writes on Washington Irving most delightfully—though, perhaps, some may think that he is more eulogistic than critical—and Mr. Van Doren, to whom has been allotted the articles on writers of fiction, deals admirably with his subject. Mr. More's essay on Emerson shows insight and sympathy, and is choicely written. He quotes a short poem which we should much like to have transcribed if space had been available, as well as a short prose extract, for these—poem and prose—show Emerson at his highest and clearest. Great praise is due to the author of the article on "Transcendentalism" (Professor Goddard), "the late and local manifestation of that great movement for the liberation of humanity which, invading practically every sphere of civilized activity, swept over Europe at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century." It would not, we imagine, be possible to better this lucid exposition of a difficult and thorny subject. We have dealt chiefly with those subjects that appeal more nearly to the student of literature in general, and to the general reader, but special students will find much to interest them in the remaining articles.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

HICKEY'S "MEMOIRS" CONTINUED.*

In this second volume of his "Memoirs" William Hickey, having spent some very pleasant months in Jamaica, an island suffering then from a glut of lawyers, goes out as an

* "Memoirs of William Hickey." Vol. II. 1775–1782. Edited by Alfred Spencer. 12s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS OF A MID AND LATE VICTORIAN
By ERNEST BELFORT BAX. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
This book offers a unique sketch of men, manners and movements from the sixties of the last century to the present time, as seen through the Author's personal experience and outlook.

KEELING LETTERS & RECOLLECTIONS
Edited by E. T. Introduction by H. G. WELLS.
Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. [*In preparation.*
"His letters and articles upon the opening of the war and the events of his service are a valuable picture of the state of mind of the English *intelligentsia* of his time. I wish some of this most characteristic matter could be put before German readers to make the quality of our spirit plainer to them."—*H. G. WELLS.*

VISITS TO WALT WHITMAN
By J. JOHNSTON, M.D., and J. W. WALLACE.
Second Edition. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.
"Graphic and charmingly interesting."—*Sketch.*
"This charmingly gossipy book is a valuable contribution to Whitman literature."—*Liverpool Post.*
"This fascinating book."—*Bristol Times.*

PENCIL-SPEAKINGS FROM PEKING
By A. E. GRANTHAM. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
"A unique triumph is achieved by Mr. Grantham, for he renders intelligible to the Western mind the spirit of Chinese history. In this concise, vivid, and fascinating impression he translates the hitherto untranslatable, and offers us a key to Chinese thought."—*Globe.*

MACEDONIA. By T. R. GEORGEVITCH, D.Phil.
Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
"Mr. Georgevitch's well-written book should be read by all who are interested in Balkan history, even though they may not approve all his arguments nor accept all his conclusions."—*Times.*
"The book contains a vast amount of valuable historical matter worthy of the student's attention."—*Glasgow Herald.*

THREE ASPECTS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION
By EMILE VANDERVELDE. Translated by JEAN E. H. FINDLAY. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.
"A valuable and original series of notes on revolutionary Russia."
—*Daily News.*

ENGLAND AND INDIA
By Rev. R. GORDON MILBURN. Cr. 8vo. 2s 6d. net.
The author, who has spent twelve years in India, deals with the political problems of the day.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOLUTION
By H. E. HYDE. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
"Mr. Hyde sketches in confident detail the machinery for an international Parliament to rule and police the world—after the war."
—*Athenæum.*

WE MODERNS: Enigmas and Guesses
By EDWARD MOORE. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.
"These aphorisms seldom fail to say something suggestive . . . the writer has turned a really penetrating eye upon modern problems."—*Times.*

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY
By Rev. WALTER J. CAREY, Chaplain R.N.
Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net.
In this book the Author attempts to examine honestly and truthfully the ideas which underlie the popular phrases—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. He finds a real divine quality in them, but points out how liable they are to abuse.

WORKHOUSE CHARACTERS
By Mrs. M. W. NEVINSON. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
It is a superb genre picture. One or two of the flashes from this strange, generally unknown world are positive sparks from life.

OLD WORLDS FOR NEW
By ARTHUR J. PENTY.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Impression.*
"A wide challenge to the progress of the modern world. If some of the more promising patriots of the new parties would read it carefully they would think the work before them much more worth doing."—*New Witness.*

WARS AND TREATIES, 1815-1914
By ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.
Demy 8vo. Paper Covers, 2s. net. [*Second Edition.*
"One of the most useful little books of history I have seen for some time."—*Daily News.*
"A useful work of reference to students of international relationship."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PRISONERS OF HOPE: The Problem of the Conscientious Objector.
By Prof. A. S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D.
Cr. 8vo. Paper Covers, 1s. 6d. net.
"We can imagine no statement of case better suited to overcome the prejudice and win the assent of Christian minds."—*Labour Leader.*

THE TREASURES OF COAL TAR
By ALEXANDER FINDLAY, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.I.C. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [*Second Edition.*
"Written in simple language, we turn from the perusal of this excellent work rather awed by the tremendous universal importance of products which once were used chiefly to paint fences."—*Liverpool Courier.*

RUSKIN HOUSE, MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

attorney to Bengal, furnished by his father with an introduction to Sir Elijah Impey, the Chief Justice, and by Edmund Burke with one to Philip Frances, member of the Governor-General's Council. To find a young man as devoted as William Hickey was to venery and wine a protegé of Edmund Burke's is at first sight a little quaint; for though the champion of the Anti-Revolution crusade confessed to Mr. Speaker Addington, in his later years, that he drank too much and ate too much and slept too little, characteristics which he had in common with the son of his old friend, Alfred Hickey, it was mental worry and ill-health that drove him to these addictions. And he was never, so far as is known, prone to gallantry. William Hickey, on the other hand, seldom troubled himself about the affairs of the nation, had no literary and little intellectual curiosity, and presents himself frankly in these "Memoirs" of his as a man rejoicing in the lusts of the flesh. Fine women, fine horses, fine liquor, fine dinners, fine clothes were the objects of his affection; and though he was devoted to his friends and was generously treated by them, he was not loyal to them. Witness the case of Emily Warren, the mistress of his bosom chum, Bob Pott, and that of Charlotte Barry, the Cyprian, to use a piece of eighteenth century slang, who lived under the protection of Captain Mordaunt. Hickey was in fact a thoroughly non-moral person. And when it is remembered that from the accession of Charles II. to the death of William IV. every English king kept mistresses, with the solitary exception of George III., and that the Prime Minister often followed his sovereign's example, so that the younger Pitt earned nothing by his continence save the nickname of "the virgin boy," it must be allowed that Burke's young friend was merely the child of his age. More fairly may he be so described in the matter of hard-drinking; for in this galley he went with clean-living men like Pitt, Burke, Dundas, Addison and Johnson, in a century in which Gillray, that most alert of social satirists and himself a tippler, depicted the leading princes, peers and statesmen of the day as martyrs to the bottle, and etched nearly a hundred plates in celebration of their consequent exhilaration or somnolence. It was the age in which Bolingbroke prided himself on keeping the most expensive women in town; in which Sir Robert Walpole married his mistress and carried her triumphantly to Court, an example faithfully followed by Charles James Fox; in which the Duke of Grafton, another Prime Minister, paraded Nancy Parsons at the theatre before the eyes of the King and Queen; in which the Earl of Sandwich mismanaged the Admiralty, and had that unfortunate connection with Miss Ray; in which Grafton's and Sandwich's enemy, Sir Philip Francis, was mulcted in 50,000 rupees for adultery; in which Sheridan really loved his beautiful first wife, and was unfaithful to her—on principle. It was a gross or a simple age. The Duke of Norfolk was so little given to ablutions that his footmen had orders to seize the opportunity of his being found dead drunk in the kennel, in order to give him a bath. Charles James Fox and Dr. Johnson became so slovenly in their habits in their later years that they rarely washed their persons or changed their linen. And that famous wit and leader of fashion, Topham Beauclerk, the most cherished of Johnson's younger friends, had a habit of scratching himself continually which Boswell and General Paoli attributed to sheer—"lousiness"! If, however, these "Memoirs of William Hickey" were only a faithful mirror of the seamier side of the age in which he lived, they would scarcely deserve the space which we are giving to them. They *are* this in marked fashion, and are valuable therefore as documents for the social student. They contain, too, stories such as that of the bumptious insolence shown by Philip Francis as clerk at the War Office to Colonel Watson, and of its stern condemnation by Welbore Ellis, Secretary at War, which have a real historical importance. And, as the description of the Lord Mayor's Banquet proves, and the account of the comparative merits of the various restaurants in which Hickey gave his dinners, they are full of material which the writer of eighteenth century romances will find exceedingly useful. But they are more than this: they reveal the fact that their author was equipped with many of the talents of the first-rate novelist. Hickey's pictures of life and scenery on the sugar plantations in Jamaica are admirably vivid. So too are his accounts of the pleasure trips which he takes to France in his friend's (Mr. Cane's) cutter the *Henrietta*, a vessel subsequently renamed the *Congress*, in honour of the Americans. Moreover two portraits taken from the life, that of a miserable and cowardly captain in the East India Company's service who, sailing home from India with Hickey, is solely concerned for the safety of his precious boxes of bullion, and that of Dr. Bonynge, a wealthy doctor and planter in Jamaica, who is a rare combination of irascibility and kindness, and loathes the sight of his illegitimate son, reveal a keenness of observation of superficial oddities of character which would do credit to Dr. Smollett or to Fanny Burney. Hickey himself seems to have shown in action all the effrontery and readiness of resource of the hero of a picaresque romance. His taking Charlotte Barry with him to Exeter as "Mrs. Hickey" to visit the Dean and his wife, and his introduction of the young lady under the same guise to the British Ambassador at Lisbon, one of the Walpoles, are most amusing illustrations of what the Greeks called ὕβρις. Cheek and charm William Hickey must have possessed in no small degree. But we wonder how "Mrs. Hickey" will be received in India; and we hope therefore that the publication of the third volume of these delightful "Memoirs" will not be long delayed.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

THE NEW REVELATION.*

In this book the creator of Sherlock Holmes tells a plain unvarnished tale of his experiences in spiritualism and its more scholarly offspring, psychical research. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's testimony puts him in line with such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Lombroso, Flammarion, Brougham, Robert Chambers, and Gerald Massey. One could add considerably to the list, perhaps a little to the surprise of those who have but a superficial knowledge of the subject. So much is worth saying if only to make clear the fact that, whether he is right or wrong in his conclusions, Sir Arthur is handling a subject that has engaged the attention of minds of the highest order. Naturally he treats it from his own standpoint, and in the fashion to be expected where the subject does not call for literary artifice or special scholarship. For this is very clearly intended to be a confession of faith, a manifesto, and also a plain man's message to plain men. As such it will have a wide appeal. No subject, except perhaps religion or politics, has produced such sharp contention. Some one (we think Sir Arthur himself) has said that it is "the greatest subject in the world." Let us admit this, and we see at once that the theme is one which offers the greatest number of ways of approach and the greatest scope for differences of view, some vital, some merely superficial. We are, in fact, dealing with life rather than with literature or science or theology, all of which have had their say in the matter.

Claiming an acquaintance with his subject extending considerably over thirty years, the author gives us a brief record of those "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things" which visited him in youth, as a medical student, of his original contempt for spiritualism as a "vulgar delusion of the uneducated," of his gradual conversion from this attitude after a study of such literature of the subject as was then available, supplemented by some personal experiments in "spirit communication," and so gradually leads us to a consideration of his main thesis—that in the great body of teachings given through various psychic avenues we have not only a scientific proof of a future life, but a "new revelation," making religion a concrete and practical, as well as a mystical and transcendental matter. We are no longer, for example, to conceive of spirits as being mere "gaseous wisps,"

* "The New Revelation." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

but as real substantial human beings carrying on the business of life on a plane of existence not less natural than this, in proof of which and other conclusions the author cites his own experiences and those of others. Discussing the proofs of identity—one of the most vital questions to which the scientific student of the subject applies himself—Sir Arthur makes special mention of "The Ear of Dionysius," the series of test communications analysed and described by Mr. Gerald Balfour who testified that the messages, in virtue of the profundity of their learning, certain characteristic features and the degree of ingenuity shown in the correlation of obscure passages in the Greek legend, could have emanated only from the two departed Greek scholars who purported to communicate, viz., Professor Verrall and Professor Butcher. It was perhaps an over-ambitious effort on the part of the author which led him in a statement of such relatively small compass to attempt on the basis of psychic research a co-ordination of religion and science. It is true that implicit in the subject of psychical science, as a matter relating to superphysical aspects of life, are suggestions of the possibility of such a synthesis. But for the average reader the main interest of the book lies in its view of psychic phenomena as offering proof of a future life, apart from the illuminations of the spiritual sense.

DAVID GOW.

THE MIDDLE CLASS.*

Mr. Dick's ever present temptation to include King Charles the First in his Memorial must have been slight in comparison with Mr. Gretton's trial of avoiding references to Matthew Arnold in a study of the English Middle Class. Arnold used to declare that his feeling towards his brethren of the Middle Class was that of St. Paul towards his brethren of Israel: "My heart's desire and prayer for them is that they may be saved." Mr. Gretton's desire would seem to be that they may be studied, and let it be said at once that he has written a most interesting book, and all the more valuable because of its novelty. The data has existed for those who have the enthusiasm and industry, but not all of us have the time or the ability to delve into the Camden Society's publications, or live laborious days in the Public Records Office.

Mr. Gretton struggles in his early chapters to define the Middle Class, and eventually concludes that it is the portion of the community to which money is the primary condition, and the primary instrument of life. The English Middle Class after groping its way to some measure of freedom from its early feudal connections found themselves suddenly powerful by two isolated and not very obviously earth-shaking events in the fourteenth century, the expulsion of the Jews and the dissolution of the Knights Templars. This released an enormous amount of coined money, and also removed the chief repositories for money. Municipalities and guilds, composed of traders, took their place, and money was at the disposal of the trade. At this time (*i.e.*, fourteenth century) "the muscular organ of the monetary circulation," says Mr. Gretton, "was the Middle Class." This intimate connection with money, with the actual coins to begin with, and then with the ramifications of credit, has been at once the bane and the blessing of the Middle Class.

"We discern," says the author, "in the Middle Class at its origin a quality which it has never wholly lost, in spite of many modifications. Its instinct was to live in a narrow circle, to keep trading profits in the hands of a group, to make town administrations a closely limited entity, to do anything rather than throw experience into the common stock."

Somehow or other it is impossible to enthuse over the Middle Class, and it is very easy to poke fun at it. Mr. Gretton again and again says that it was secretive, jealous, and apprehensive; it always played for its own hand; it refused responsibilities that did not yield opportunities

* "The English Middle Class." By R. H. Gretton. 8s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)

A Selection from

LIPPINCOTT'S

New Books

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN AMERICA

35 Plates. Lithograph on cover. 9/- *net.*

Reproductions of a series of lithographs of Munition Works, Shipyards, etc., made by him with the permission and authority of the U.S. Government. With Notes and an Introduction by the Artist. This book is truly an art masterpiece and those who are not fortunate enough to secure the original lithographs will prize these splendid reproductions.

THE WAR AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

The Story of Asia Minor and Its Relation to the Present Conflict

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D.

14 Illustrations and a Map. Cloth, 6/- *net.*

In the words of President Wilson, the Bagdad Railway is "the heart of the matter" of the present conflict. This is a war book of the utmost importance by an authority on Eastern civilisation. It is the story of Asia Minor and its relation to the present conflict. Serious students of the problems of the war will find in it a complete survey of the situation in the Near East.

THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D.

5/- *net.*

Professor Jastrow applies himself in this volume to the deeper aspects of the war, the "undercurrents" as he puts it, and shows how both the great conflict and the coming peace must be looked at from the angle of the moral issue. It is stimulating and full of suggestions.

OVER HERE

By HECTOR MACQUARRIE, Lieutenant Royal Field Artillery, Author of "How to Live at the Front"

Price 6/- *net.*

This highly spiced, diverting volume of snapshots of America is a species of camouflage on the part of a British officer for a desire to interpret America to his fellow-countrymen; he confesses also to "a definite hope that I shall succeed just a little in helping to cement a strong friendship between the two great nations."

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Our New Possessions and the British Islands

By THEODOOR DE BOOY and JOHN T. FARIS

Profusely illustrated and with five maps prepared especially for this volume. 12/6 *net*

In the most interesting manner this volume tells the general reader, the intending visitor to the islands and the investor looking for possible business openings, what they wish to know regarding these new possessions of ours formerly the Danish West Indies. It does not confine itself—as do so many books of travel—merely to the larger and best known towns, but covers the whole scope of these islands and from personal experience. It is a book of the present and of what may be looked for in the future.

Novels at all the Libraries

VICKY VAN By CAROLYN WELLS

Frontispiece and jacket in colour by GAYLE HOSKINS. 6/-

There is humour and love, thrills and a real mystery in this new Fleming Stone detective story, in which not the least interesting factor is the curious double personality of one character. You are baffled and always amused by the brilliance of the yarn.

WINONA'S WAR FARM

By MARGARET WIDDEMER. *Illustrated.* 6/-

Winona and her friends of the Camp Fire Girls, a party of Boy Scouts and "The Blue Birds" have great fun in war farming, and in the doing of which all have exciting adventures with German spies who had planned to blow up the nearby Munition Works.

THE APPLE TREE GIRL

By GEORGE WESTON

Frontispiece in colour and 5 other illustrations. Decorated cloth in a sealed packet. 4/6 *net.*

This splendid volume is uniform with Mr. Weston's 1917 success, "Oh, Mary, Be Careful!" Charlotte Marlin, the heroine, with her three sums is just as amusing and lovable as Mary with her three tests for men. Charlotte's three sums seem almost impossible to solve. Her methods of accomplishing them will amuse and delight.

THE ENCHANTED BARN

By GRACE L. H. LUTZ, Author of "The Best Man," etc.

Illustrated in colour. 6/-

Did you ever look for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? It takes imagination and courage to face the dangers and difficulties of the way, as Shirley Hollister proved when she found the Enchanted Barn at the glowing base of the magic bow. It is a charming romance.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

34, BEDFORD ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

for gain, and those which it undertook in local government were manipulated to its own ends. All this is true, but the reader is reminded of two great services which the Middle Class in its early days secured for us. Grammar Schools were founded and, in the fourteenth century, endowed schools. So successful did the Middle Class become in this field that the Church, from whose influence in education the Middle Class wished to free the trading classes, was obliged to take measures in its own interests. Hence the foundation of Winchester and Eton. Our Middle Class ancestors also laid us under deep obligation to them by building beautiful English cathedrals and churches. In an admirable chapter on "Middle Class Ideals" Mr. Gretton says:

"The men of the Middle Class reached the period of established leisure with all that they had of money and brains upon their hands, so to speak, and they found in church-building an outlet for both—a gratification of their pride, and an admirable opportunity for justifiable ostentation."

This book was well worth writing; it is informative and strictly fair. It should be read by all complacent Middle Class people, and by all their critics. Both parties will benefit.

IVOR NICHOLSON.

REFLECTIONS AND REFRACTIONS IN RELIGION.*

The Bishop of Carlisle's book is a wise and tender disquisition about "last things," a book based, as might be expected, on conservative construction of Holy Writ, yet scarcely so conservative in its attitude to the Church's traditions. Bishop Diggle lays it down that nothing in life is more natural than death; but that popular theology (both Papal and Puritan) has misinterpreted the divine benevolence of death and confounded it with a sting that only came in with alien sin. "It was not Moses (or whoever was the writer of Genesis), but Milton, who said that sin brought death into the world." The tragedy and glory of mortality are carried through in the spiritual plane. "The best and most significant phrase which can be found to denote the organisation of the spiritual body is the 'formation of character.' Character, we know, is a visible and express image produced by invisible and inward processes." Dr. Diggle dedicates this treatise to his own bereaved clergy and their wives, who will affectionately note that the author has denied himself reference to protracted anxieties about members of his own family fighting at the front.

It can scarcely be denied that "Religion and Reconstruction" falls short of being an organic book. At best, it furnishes miscellaneous matter fit for parsons to discuss with their Bible classes. No editorship is avowed. The writers are chiefly dignitaries of the Church of England; three are Nonconformists; a Roman Catholic essayist—Monsignor Poock—is curiously dragged in to discuss our nation's birthrate. Unction's prophetic utterance is not to be found in these cool pages, which rather give one the impression of having been composed by their clerical authors on Monday mornings. Dean Welldon, in "The Church and a New Nation," "looks forward with hope, if also with doubt, to an approximation of the Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches upon an Episcopal basis." The Bishop of Lichfield, dealing with "Church and Socialism," points out that "the Church cannot be a mutual improvement society, or a corporation merely jealous of its own rights; it is a brotherhood, a society which exists to serve." Canon Adderley, also discussing "Socialism," is very bold, and declares, "By the Church I mean the whole body of Christian Establishment." But the Bishop of Chichester thinks more sternly, in "The Unity of Christendom": "Vague or indefinite membership will never create unity. . . . Those who would be at peace with those without must shun all ventures of private judgment." Almost the only sentence in this compilation that is warm with feeling comes from Dr. Orchard of the Weigh House Chapel: "The Social Programme."

"The method of the Incarnation shows that mankind can only be raised as those who are exalted renounce their privileges, come down to the level of the fallen and enslaved, and with nothing that is not open to them also lift them higher. The whole meaning of the Sacraments is that the highest mediation of God comes through material things being sacredly used and appropriated in equal fellowship. It is not only that Christian doctrines can be shown to have a social application: their social implication is their true explication."

Most of the writers in "Religion and Reconstruction" speak as men in possession. They admit there is room for changes. They look down to us, as they talk, with the calm, canny glance of an engine driver offering a few remarks from the footplate, ere starting the machine again. But Professor Silvanus Thompson comes upon us with the engaging detachment and energy of a man from the prairie riding a half-broken mustang. He has much to say: he is straitened to say it. His utterance in "A Not Impossible Religion" is honest, courageous, hot-blooded, radical. A man of science, he questions the logic as well as the morals of materialism. He regards the power of Jesus as the most important fact with which knowledge has yet had to deal. *Something* happened to the disciples of Jesus at "the Resurrection time" that was honestly if imperfectly recorded, and changed the world. This spirit of the Resurrection Lord is not an aftermath of a life designed to be given up for man on the Cross: Jesus's blood did not flow till his body was dead. The meaning of Jesus to His followers is not atonement but newness of life, instantly achieved, in service of man. It is most unfortunate that, with his good brain and his good will, Professor Thompson appears to have grown up to life, and to have passed through it, with a curious kind of colour-blindness to much that has come down through the ages as belonging to the staple of Catholic worship. This author, for instance, cannot abide set forms of prayer, and admits no argument on their side, and he proposes that the "Not Impossible Religion" shall drop Baptism and Communion as sacraments rendered for ever useless by accretions of material superstition. On this side of his studies he presents a curious contrast to another lay professor, Dr. Percy Gardner, whose work on "Evolution in Christian Doctrine" was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago. Mr. Thompson is at his best as an individualist, discoursing, in a manner that wins our reverence, of Jesus as a revelation of the Father, a revealer of man to himself, and the releaser of spiritual energies that are not a mockery. A book like this does not materially help to solve the Church's problem; but it helps to widen and deepen that problem.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

* "Death and the After-Life." By the Rt. Rev. J. W. Diggle, Bishop of Carlisle. 2s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)—"Religion and Reconstruction." By Leaders of Religious Thought." 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)—"A Not Impossible Religion." By the late Silvanus P. Thompson. 6s. (John Lane.)

FRANCE AND FLANDERS.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's third instalment of the History of the War appears at a time when we are sadly witnessing what we can only hope and believe is but a temporary annulment of all that was so gallantly and with such wonderful success accomplished during the attack and advance of 1916. Sad it is beyond words that the mighty achievements of our Regular, Territorial and New Army troops—ousted as they have been from the ground they won with such amazing valour, loss of life and outpouring of blood—that these achievements should have been rendered nugatory by the misfeasance of that Eastern army on whose fidelity and staunchness we so confidently reckoned. More deeply do we feel it in that it was partly

* "The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1916." By Arthur Conan Doyle. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"British Campaigns in Flanders, 1690–1794." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

to help Russia that we threw in our lot with them. The outlook, however, is not such as it was during the Napoleonic War in 1806, when on the overthrow of Prussia at the battle of Jena we were "the last that dared to struggle with the foe," for the soul of France and of Italy is unsubdued and we have America now also at our back.

The battle of the Somme began on July 1st, and lasted until November 14th, and the territory we gained remained firmly in our possession up to the present terrific onslaught —a contingency possible only from the setting free of the hordes on the eastern front.

The attack of the British was approximately on a twenty mile front from the Gommecourt salient to Maricourt, and this line was prolonged by the French Army for about another eight miles. It was for the Germans partly a surprise attack, for they had expected the attack chiefly in its northern half, and in this portion of the line it was fully prepared for the advance, and it was here that our attack failed. The ardour of our troops, however, engaged the masses which had been here concentrated, rendering the assault by the troops in the southern half more easy of accomplishment. The German line was in this section less strongly held. Further it did not present such formidable obstacles as were stormed by the troops in the northern portion of the line. The result of the fighting on the first day of the battle was, as the author writes, that what we had broken was not a line of trenches, but "it was in truth the fortified frontier of Germany built up by a year and a half of unremitting labour. By breaking it at one point we had outflanked it from the Somme to the sea, and however slow the process might be of getting room for our forces to deploy, and pushing the Germans off our flank, it was certain that sooner or later that line must be rolled up from end to end." And so it turned out eventually though rather later than sooner. As a result of our outflanking them the Germans yielded up to us a vast extent of country, and everything was ready for their final overthrow, only to be frustrated by the almost criminal action of our once trusted Russian ally.

The book equals in interest either of the two preceding volumes, and will be eagerly read and enjoyed by those who were fascinated by the charming style so characteristic of their accomplished author's writings.

Mr. Fortescue's volume consists of extracts reprinted from his monumental History of the British Army, dealing with the various campaigns fought by the British in Flanders from 1690–1794. More than half of its contents is devoted to the battles in which our troops were engaged during the period of the War of the French Revolution. It is full of interest, but its value as a book of reference is lessened by the fact that there is no index.

S. B.

Novel Notes.

FRENZIED FICTION. By Stephen Leacock. 4s. net. (Lane.)

The art of saying deep things lightly, as Erasmus put it, is not given to many even among our humorists. For, as will be readily admitted by all who have had to wade through much of this kind of material, most of our printed humour has no depth in it whatever. Professor Leacock succeeds because he has a genuine interest in human emotions and ideas, in the affairs of nations and the time, and most of all in the preservation of a healthy sanity. We still await the day when he may give us either a light romance or else a book pervaded by a single and well elaborated idea, if only to prove what we believe he possesses to the full, and that is the constructive faculty. His new book belongs to the same character of contemporary and topical ridicule as "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy" and "Behind the Beyond." It takes the same delight in catching at the follies of cant and eccentricity and pose, and shows the same ingenuity in

A History of American Literature

Edited by W. P. TRENT, Professor of English in Columbia University; JOHN ERSKINE, Professor of English in Columbia University; STUART P. SHERMAN, Professor of English in the University of Illinois; and CARL VAN DOREN, Head Master of the Brearley School

In 3 royal 8vo volumes, supplementary to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, divided into 3 books:—Book I, Colonial and Revolutionary Literature; Book II, Early National Literature, 1789–1850; Book III, Later National Literature, 1850–1900. Vol. I, containing Book I and part of Book II, is now ready. Price 15s net

This work, written by a numerous body of scholars from every section of the United States and from Canada, and similar in scope and method to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, will furnish a history of the literature written in English in the United States from the first settlement to the end of the nineteenth century

"A critical history of American literature which it would be difficult to better so far as judgment, moderation, balance . . . are concerned."—*The Times Literary Supplement*

"No good student, and few careful readers, will care to miss this really authoritative and illuminating exposition."—*The Methodist Recorder*

Prospectus on application

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4; C. F. Clay, Manager

LITERARY & DRAMATIC AGENCY.—For disposal of MSS. of all kinds. Authors requested to communicate:—Charing Cross Chambers, Adelphi, W.C.2. Telephone—Gerrard 4408. Estd. 1906.

AUTHORS' MSS., etc., promptly and carefully executed. 10d. per 1,000 words. Highest testimonials.—Miss BEAUMONT, 101, Melrose Avenue, Wimbledon Park.

AUTHORS.—MSS. accurately typewritten at very moderate prices.—The West End Typewriting & Translation Bureau, 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

WANTED, February "Bookman." State price to H. Hoole, Sycamore Cottage, Marple Bridge, via Stockport.

£20 IN MONEY PRIZES are offered each month by the Monthly Magazine, **"THE FUTURE,"** for an **ESSAY,** and for short translations from **FRENCH** and **GERMAN** into **ENGLISH,** and **ENGLISH** into **ESPERANTO.** If your bookseller does not stock "THE FUTURE," send P.O. **7d.** for Specimen Number:—

THE FUTURE (Dept. B.M.), 10, Essex St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

investing the spirit of laughter with dialogue and incident of the rapid and unpretentious order. He takes the crazes of popular literature, the Spy mania, the omniscience and pompous verbiage of the oracle on foreign politics, the vagaries of spiritualism and ghost-hunting, the fag of summer holidays on fashionable lines, the inflation of modern hotel life, and the passion for horticulture as a hobby. But more than once it has been noted in this author's books that he is never so good as in treating his personal environment of Canada and university life. This time he excels in a sketch which is in reality a skit upon the rivalry between Montreal and Toronto, with obvious advantage to the first. He fancies himself making the journey by train and suddenly awaking to the discovery that Toronto has turned "dry" or prohibitionist. The joy fades out of life, the manners of its citizens become galvanic, and existence generally is dominated by nothing but business and hypocrisy. The description of a retail resort where a drink is a sample of Import Goods and the sale of it is attended by a telephonic consultation with Montreal, is inimitable. Presently the awakening is real and the horrid experience falls into its true proportions as a dream, but at least it has given us hearty laughter and a wholesome attack on the intolerance of some of our western temperance friends. But it is all so fresh and good-natured that no one can take offence, and this is the hall-mark of humour after all.

FIRST THE BLADE. By Clemence Dane. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Justin was a most annoying lover; when a man goes up to London and is so absent-minded that he forgets the object of his journey, to buy an engagement-ring for his beloved, he puts a severe strain upon her, and Laura's nature was not supremely patient. It would be unfair to give away the plot. Indeed, the book ends with Justin going off in khaki, and Laura shouting to him: "Justin—take care! You will take care? Don't bother about V.C.'s and things," which is probably what many Lauras have thought at the station, though they may not have said it. Whether Justin did take care we are not told. The writer dramatically drops the curtain on that scene. But the course of love which led up to the rupture and the partial reconciliation is told with detail and freshness. Laura's nature was thrown into touch with Justin's in childhood, and one has the suspicion that she cared for his mother even more than for himself; also, that Justin was willing to be loved rather than an ardent amorist. It is a novel of young, growing life, a study of the aspirations and mistakes which young folk make in the days of adolescence. We see Justin being wakened up towards the end out of what resembles priggishness and self-absorption. We see Laura being sobered out of a romantic dream. But the ability of the book really lies in its earlier chapters, where the boy and girl are cleverly depicted. The sub-title of the book is "A Comedy of Growth." Like all such comedies, it is not altogether comedy to the persons concerned. But in the hands of a capable author like this, the tale is both amusing and stimulating, with plenty of bright asides and diverting interludes.

THE SIGN OF THE FISH. By E. J. W. 6s. (Digby Long.)

This is essentially a novel with a purpose, and the author does not attempt to disguise the fact. Those who object to stories which obviously seek to be something more than merely stories, will not be beguiled into reading it, for its object is set forth on the title page—it is a novel dealing with Reform but mainly with the coming unity of Christendom. John Christian, through much study and reasoning, breaks away from the orthodox Church and sets out to discover the Truth. He is an earnest, broad-minded man in religion and politics, and others who are trying to find a remedy for the world's ills will find in his arguments much that is sound and convincing. Indeed, on the whole, the book is better as an investigation into existing evils than as a novel.

WORKHOUSE CHARACTERS. By Margaret Wynne Nevinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

These little sketches are a delightful blending of pathos and humour. They show an intimate knowledge of workhouse life, its tragedies and comedies, and of the people who come and go in society's sordid, thickly populated underworld. Some of the characters, as the author tells us in her brief preface, are drawn from life—but all are so intensely realistic it is impossible to distinguish the "some" who are not. She reveals the light as well as the dark side of that national institution which seems, she says, to be passing "into the limbo of the past with other old, unhappy, far-off things," and writes with sympathy and keen insight. Her character studies are like impressionistic paintings, capturing in a few bold, suggestive outlines a vision of a human soul, with its story of wasted opportunity, of a heart treacherously beguiled, or of the curse of hereditary vice. Mrs. Nevinson's experiences among the very poor and the outcasts of our social system have served, not to embitter her, but to give her a wonderful tolerance towards mankind and, perhaps more particularly, womankind—a tolerance that comes of understanding.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LILIAN. By Jessie Champion. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is not the foolishness of this young person which impresses the reader. Lilian is an extremely competent young woman; she has her wits about her, and can well look after herself. She is born and bred in a slum; then, thanks to the kindly interest of a curate, she develops her mind, becomes a factory-girl, and by a series of rapid evolutions turns into a cultured, beautiful actress. Then she chivalrously devotes herself to the interests of an older friend, a widow who had been kind to her. And out of this quixotic enterprise the plot rises. Lilian puts a severe strain upon the credulity of even the ordinary novel reader. But Miss Champion believes in her heroine and she does not let her rise too easily. There are scenes which show some knowledge of the world and of men, one or two admirable sketches of character in low life as well as in London society, and a pleasant ending. There are merits in a novel of this kind. Miss Champion tends to be a little bookish and allusive. However, this is not often the case in her pages, and she does not require to catch the reader's interest by these hooks; her rapid narrative is arresting enough by itself. One of her characters, beset by the difficulty of talking proper English, consoles herself by reflecting "that, however carelessly she wrote, she could surely never make so many mistakes as Crockett or Marie Corelli." And yet the public of these authors probably has never been bothered by such mistakes. It is the story that matters; much is forgiven, and much is never noticed, if the tale holds the mind. Miss Champion writes correctly, as well as vividly, herself. She need not gird at her contemporaries, for she has learned the first principles of constructing a lively, readable romance.

OLD DESIRE. By Holloway Horn. 6s. net. (Westall.)

"If a woman has the man she wants, she is happy. If she hasn't, then she is much better off unmarried." That is Edith Murchison's creed, and it is because she believes in it so entirely that she herself prefers to remain single and uses every effort to prevent her younger sister marrying a man out of mingled gratitude and pity instead of for love. Strong and original in theme and detail, Mr. Holloway Horn's second novel is one of real charm. Edith's own tragic romance runs through the book like a melodious undertone, while she moves like a shadow in the love-dramas of her sister and brother, and is the guiding force in one and a refuge in the other. There are many gleams of delightful humour as well as of those little intimate human touches which make a novel realistic while keeping it high and dry above the bog of sordidness. Although there is excellent work in "Old Desire," we feel Mr. Horn is capable of something even better and shall look forward with considerable expectation to the work he will yet do.

LOVE'S BURDEN. By Margaret Peterson. 6s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

An unscrupulous young woman, after a few minutes' acquaintance, described Margot Symes as a doormat. Margot's family called her "prickly," and her father at least was glad when she started on a voyage to India to keep house for her uncle, Judge Symes. But Imogen Westbrook, her companion on the voyage, was not entirely wrong in her estimate. Margot lost her heart at once to Captain Young, but believing that he was heart-broken for the defection of Imogen, she determined to clear the way by marrying Derek Maitland, who had appealed to her pity by reason of the dark shadows that brooded over his life. Maitland had developed an unhealthy interest in Eastern black magic, and his curiosity had brought him into unpleasant proximity to crime. Margot's marriage failed in its missionary enterprise, and her husband's obsession ended in murder and madness. After a short and disillusioning experience in a London sisterhood, Margot had happiness offered her for a second time, and had learned the unwisdom of futile self-sacrifice. With much that is commonplace and melodramatic there is some excellent characterisation in this story. The picture of the Symes household at West Ealing forms a chapter that is very full of promise.

THE ANGEL OF THE SETTLEMENT. By Henry Oyen. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Bret Hart up to date—very much so. Mr. Oyen, like the Californian author, deals with the beginnings of civilisation, wherein the old order, with much crude battling, is giving place to new. The scene of his swiftly-moving saga—for the tale is of that elemental type—is laid in a new settlement, Havens Falls, and here events happen which suggest Europe-of-to-day in miniature. As the anachronistic Hun is attempting by brute force to destroy the polity of nations, so do Taggart and his gangsters endeavour to establish the tyranny of fear over the pioneers of law and order. The villain—and Devil Dave is the very flower of Kultur—holds the district in his mediæval grip when the *deus ex machina* descends into the midst of trouble—on skis. Henceforth Gaston Olaf Francois Thorson dominates the story; a magnificent berserk hero who, using his head as well as his hands, proves himself to be as good a diplomatist as he is a fighter. Of course he meets the inevitable girl—the Angel of the Settlement—and it is her influence which induces him to abandon his law-unto-himself attitude to be a law unto others. He beats Taggart and his bullies in a full-blooded battle of the Homeric-Borrovian type; brings order out of chaos, by both mental and muscular means, and argues with himself through many pages as to his fitness or unfitness for domestic life. Gaston Olaf is a royal hero; he does nothing by halves, and the zest with which he tackles the apparently impossible permeates the tale with contagious fire. Dull must be the reader who does not thrill to his exploits, and who is not wrought up to a desire to go and do likewise. The characters are all good in conception and drawing. Many readers with unused faculties newly stirred by the war into activity, will find in this prose epic—it is nothing else—much that is congenial to their lately acquired moods. Finally—as a lure to the jaded—the end of the story is so unexpected and masterly, that the most far-seeing and experienced will never guess it. Yet it is the right termination of Gaston Olaf's doings in Havens Falls; the proper key-stone for the arch of his character, if it may be put so. "Nothing is certain but the unforeseen." Mr. Oyen has plucked that dry leaf from the tree of knowledge, to write on the proverb an extremely fine story.

SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD. By D. K. Broster. 6s. net. (Murray.)

To all who love a story full of incident and adventure we can heartily recommend Miss Broster's latest book. The plot centres round the French emigré leaders who had taken refuge in England after the French Revolution,

Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST

RICHARD DEHAN'S GREAT NEW NOVEL

A SEQUEL TO "THE DOP DOCTOR."

THAT WHICH HATH WINGS

By RICHARD DEHAN. 7/- net

Many of the characters dear to the readers of "The Dop Doctor" re-appear upon the stage. The action commences in June, 1914, and the war has a tremendous influence upon the lives of the Dop Doctor, Lynette, and their little son.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S NEW VOLUME

FIVE TALES

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. 6/- net

A new book by Mr. Galsworthy needs no introduction. This volume will probably be one of the most popular amongst his works.

WASTRALLS **A Novel.**

By C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT. 6/- net

FIRST THE BLADE

A Novel by CLEMENCE DANE. 6/- net

"The best bit of work that's come my way for many a long week."
—*Mr. Punch.*

LATEST WAR BOOKS

GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS

By "CENTURION," of *Land and Water.*

These sketches have already won a popularity second to no other war-fiction, and their author has been acclaimed as a new master of the short story.

OUTWITTING THE HUN

By LIEUT. PAT O'BRIEN, R.F.C. 6/- net

"The most thrilling war book which has yet appeared."—*Morning Post.*

FROM BAPAUME TO PASSCHENDAELE By PHILIP GIBBS. 6/- net

"To read Mr. Gibbs's book is to realise what war means."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

NEW POETRY

COUNTER-ATTACK SIEGFRIED SASSOON. 2/6 net

POEMS GEOFFREY DEARMER. 3/6 net

WM. HEINEMANN, 20-21, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

A

SHAKESPEARE DICTIONARY

The above work will be issued in parts. Each part will deal with a play, and will include the dates of composition and first publication; the source of the plot; and an outline of the play; together with the Characters and Scenes alphabetically arranged and described.

NOW READY

Part I. Julius Cæsar. 1s. 9d. net.

Part II. As You Like It. 1s. 6d. net.

Direct from the Author

A. E. BAKER, Borough Librarian, Taunton.

Mr. ALEX. H. COPEMAN, Publisher and Bookseller, of London and Cheltenham, informs us he has acquired the world rights in the Works of (Mrs.) FRANCES GURNEY. Her new book, "The Teaching of the Gnostics" (published at 3/6 and offered at 2/-), is doing very well. Her other books are "The Cosmic Procession" (3/6 net), "The Bar of Isis," and the "League of Isis" Booklets, and can all be obtained direct from Alex. H. Copeman's Bookshops and Bookrooms (Est. 1861), 16, Clarence St., Cheltenham Spa, Eng., or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls throughout the U.K. The first two will be sent post free for 3/-0 each, the "League of Isis" series for 6d. and 8d. each. Enclose P.O. or stamps when ordering.

and their ill-fated expedition to Quiberon in 1795. The atmosphere of the period is well produced, and we have been unable to find any anachronisms. The kidnapping of Anne-Hilarion, the little son of the Marquis Flavigny, and the rescue by the Chevalier de Vireville occupy the first part of the book. Then follows a picturesque account of the emigré landing at Quiberon, and the Bretons, with their quaint attire and remarkable leader, Grain d'Orge, captivate us not a little. The chevalier meets with thrilling adventures and his future wife, Madame de Guefontaine, who mistakes him for a cousin of his who once did her dead brother a grievous wrong. It would not be fair to give any further insight into the story; suffice it to say that there are adventures right up to the last chapter.

GREEN FANCY. By George Barr McCutcheon. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When Mr. Barnes of "little old New York" in the course of a holiday tramp strikes the road that leads to Hart's Tavern and "Green Fancy," he steps plumb into a world of play-actors, beauties in distress, master crooks and royal criminals. "Green Fancy," it should be explained, is a mystery house buried in the mountain woods, not far from the Canadian border and cunningly painted with a green camouflage. The plot, which is unusually intricate, follows the history of certain state documents and jewels stolen from a royal house in Europe and lodged in "Green Fancy." Thrills and surprises abound in every chapter, and the whole story is well seasoned with humour. No reader with an appetite for unorthodox adventure should miss this typically American romance.

GOD'S COUNTERPOINT. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Unquestionably, "God's Counterpoint" justifies itself as a vindication of the sweetness and sanity of normal human relations between man and woman. But one feels that the story would have been truer to life, and the vindication of things natural more convincing if Mr. Beresford had been able to teach his lesson without having to use for his purposes a man who is admittedly "a pathological case," and a very scarce and unpleasant one at that. Philip Maning's mind and imagination are poisoned by a certain incident that happened in his boyhood; as the effect of this shock he grows up an almost impossible puritan, idealising women, but fearing them. His incurable innocence is not really either innocent or wholesome; and there is an air of fantastic improbability over his frigid, shamed love-making, with its spasmodic outbursts of passion, and especially over the years of his preposterous married life, until it ends in disaster and the collapse of all his more than prudish ideals. There cannot be half a dozen such men actually in existence and at large. That so sensible and very a woman as Evelyn could ever have loved him and brought herself to marry him is not believable, except while you are under the spell of Mr. Beresford's subtle art. There is beauty in the story to compensate for its ugliness, and it is so brilliantly written that one wishes Mr. Beresford, instead of taking a rare pathological freak for his hero, would devote his high gifts to some study of the great issues of ordinary life as natural people are living it.

HEART OF ICE. By Fergus Hume. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

THE BLACK IMAGE. By Fergus Hume. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

One result of scoring a roaring success with such a sensational story as "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is that an author is at once definitely labelled and expected to act accordingly. It led readers to look to Mr. Fergus Hume for that kind of story and no other, and he has gone on giving it to them with both hands. He has given it to them by now well over a hundred times, and the best testimony you can have to his success in doing it is that they are still asking for more; and for intrigue and sensation and a surprising mystery he has seldom done anything better than "The Black Image." In "Heart of Ice," however, Mr. Hume seems to have broken with his tradition and essayed something of a new departure. There is sensation in it, but it is not a sensational novel in the accepted sense of the term. The interest of it centres on Mercedes, a brilliant, beautiful dancer who is the rage of the hour in London. Her beauty brings lovers in plenty to her feet, but she passes through temptations and escapes from their passionate pursuit unscathed, for she is essentially a good woman and a practical, with her emotions well under control, and she makes a beneficent use of her influence over those men who are fascinated by her. Her own love romance, which began when she was a young girl and seems ended, is renewed and, in spite of appearances being against her, reaches a charmingly idyllic ending.

THE HUNGRY HUNDRED (ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE). By John S. Margerison. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

Mr. Margerison has written nothing finer, truer, or more spirited than this record of sixteen scallywags and a gallant officer. Every young officer, whether of the Navy or the Army, should be examined on "The Hungry Hundred," for no better textbook on that most difficult and delicate of all arts—the art of handling grown men—has been issued in this country. To Lieutenant James Stanley Murray falls the uncongenial task of licking into shape as rough and unpromising a crowd of R.N.R. men as ever came together in one depôt. Some of them had deserted the Navy in the long ago, while "others had been discharged from the Service for the Service's good, with the corners of their parchment certificates cut off—the Navy's way of telling the world that they were undesirables." In short, Murray's raw material is made up of "hard cases"; yet he succeeds where others fail. To learn Murray's secret one must read the whole book and see how this young lieutenant gets into the hearts of his men, transforming them from a crowd of tough galoots into a crew of disciplined "Rockies" that can row and shoot and fight with the best men in the Service. The story follows the fortunes of Murray and his "blood brothers" right into the thick of "Der Tag" on their game little destroyer where one and all they go down fighting gloriously. This chapter makes epic reading. Written by one who knows his subject from A to Z, the volume is a fund of informative detail; but above all it is to be read for its realistic record of the joyous large-hearted camaraderie that thrives under such leaders as Lieutenant Murray.

The Bookman's Table.

FROM SNOTTY TO SUB. By the Authors of "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles." 1s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Considering that this little book was compiled "solely from rough notes of conversations with my son, hurriedly set down on the rare occasions during the last two and a half years when we have had the good fortune to be together," and considering also that the shadow of the censor is of necessity omnipresent in its pages, the authors are to be congratulated on the production of so readable a volume. The author-midshipman, as he appears in these pages, is a typical snotty: devoted of course to the Senior Service, observant but not too imaginative, young enough to be bored with his own society, appreciative of picnics and theatres and—when sick—enthusiastic in his praise of "feminine ministrations." Work, play, and adventure—all are entertainingly sketched in. On a 20,000-ton Dreadnought he gets more than a glimpse of the Battle of Jutland, his ship being the only one of the Grand Fleet to be hit. And his first experiences as a sub on a destroyer

include a collision, resulting happily in nothing more serious than two weeks' leave. Altogether, "From Snotty to Sub" is a decidedly welcome little whiff of the Navy.

THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY. By W. H. Mallock. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In matters of taste it is probable that many of us would give a rather grudging welcome to democracy. We should scarcely be prepared, that is to say, to admit that the instructed (or uninstructed) public is likely to be more tolerant of new developments in art and literature, than the mandarins of light and leading. There exists, however, a vague but never thoroughly analysed belief that in matters political, economical and sociological, ideas are more or less in the air, constitute, so to speak, a sort of common property. It is this belief that Mr. W. H. Mallock sets himself to combat in his new work, "The Limits of Pure Democracy." He essays to establish the theory that, deprived of the assistance of the few, the many are not only impotent but inarticulate, and that democracy as it exists at present requires as its indispensable support an oligarchy to give it direction, and to furnish it with ideas. In a word, Mr. Mallock's thesis is that democracy cannot initiate or inspire a policy, but is, in the nature of things, compelled to take it ready-made, to choose it from a list of rival policies invented by professional politicians, and to leave to these professional politicians (and to experts, as questions involved tend to become more complicated) its actual direction and prosecution. It is a pretty theory, and Mr. Mallock elaborates it with a cogency of dialectic and a felicity of illustration which show that his hand has lost none of its cunning.

IN WAR AND PEACE. Songs of a Scotswoman. By Mary H. J. Henderson. With a Foreword by John Oxenham. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Some of the poems in this little volume are of special interest as they give a glimpse of what Miss Henderson has been through in Russia and Rumania, where she has seen active service. Miss Henderson was one of those who helped Dr. Elsie Inglis to found the Scottish Women's Hospital, whose wonderful work during the war is known the world over. The book contains a varied and interesting selection of poems, devotional, grave and gay; among the best of them being two little cameos, "The Young Serbian" and "A Russian Soldier." There is a Foreword by Mr. John Oxenham, and the book is published in aid of the Dr. Elsie Inglis Memorial Fund, Scottish Women's Hospitals.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MORAL EMPIRE. By Kojiro Sugimori. 5s. net. (University of London Press.)

Anyone who cares to obtain a glimpse into the psychology of the modern Japanese has but to look through the pages of Professor Kojiro Sugimori's book. Professor of Philosophy in the Waseda University, founded at Tokyo, in 1882, by the Count (now Marquis) Okuma, as a protest against the officialisation of education in Japan, the author spent the year preceding the war in Germany, and has, since the outbreak of hostilities, resided at various University centres in Great Britain, studying the Western systems of thought and life at the expense of his Government. Professor Sugimori mercilessly analyses, in his book, the psychology that has caused the present strife. He says that from early times people have been capable of "being inflamed with some passion or other." War "arises in most cases from our leaving the forces which are latent in most of us and in nature around us untouched," or it is "due to our endeavour to solve the difficulty of self-preservation or self-assertion by a new *arrangement* of the 'goods' which are actually in existence rather than by a new *production* of 'goods' which are not yet in existence." He contends that the present war is due primarily to the "misguided impulse of pride" that rules Europe. War will end, Professor Sugimori assures us, when "our moral and theological views, and, accordingly sentiments, have been so much enlightened and inspired

Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.

RECENT FICTION

By **J. D. BERESFORD,** Author of "Jacob Stahl," "The House in Demetrius Road," &c., &c.

NINETEEN IMPRESSIONS

Second Large Impression. 6/-

"The short story at its best. . . . The collection is so extraordinarily good that if Mr. Beresford does not give us plenty more he will be committing high treason against the Republic of Letters."—*Globe.*

"The whole book is wise, careful, full of delicate sympathy and sharp emotion and profound understanding."—*New Statesman.*

"An extraordinarily interesting book."—*Country Life.*

By **ETHEL SIDGWICK,** Author of "Promise," "Succession," "Hatchways," &c.

JAMESIE 5/- net.

"Has the note of distinction that the reader expects in so able a writer."—*Scotsman.*

"It shows to advantage Miss Sidgwick's gift of elaborating character, and it is careful and conscientious as well as ambitious in its workmanship."—*Observer.*

London: SIDGWICK & JACKSON, Ltd.
3, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.2.

A Powerful and Dramatic Story of Modern Life is

LOVE'S ORIENT
By EDGAR L. WILFORD

of which, in the course of a flattering review, the *Bookman* says:—"The quiet, forceful personality of the Rector shines through serenely, like a guiding star, and leaves its benign influence on the reader long after the book is closed."

LOVE'S ORIENT
By EDGAR L. WILFORD

is certainly a novel to read. The *Lady* says:—"Is a story full of charm and romance, and its atmosphere is one that catches the reader's attention."

LOVE'S ORIENT
By EDGAR L. WILFORD

Once read will not be forgotten. The *Bristol News* says:—"The characterisation is exceedingly good; indeed, the 'Mrs. Cates' of the present story would not have been unworthy of George Eliot."

LOVE'S ORIENT
By EDGAR L. WILFORD

The *Two Worlds* says:—"The characters are skilfully portrayed—as a story the book is distinctly arresting; a smart piece of bookcraft by a writer who possesses imagination and skill."

Of all Libraries and Booksellers. 6/- net.

JARROLDS, Publishers (London), Ltd., 10, Warwick Lane, E.C.

as I personally am, though that is little enough. . . ." He adds that he does not believe "in the defeat of any particular nation for the mere reason that the nation is the enemy of some other nation or nations." He says that the enemy "must not be anything but the enemy of the moral cause in its ideal sense . . . the enemy of God and of none or nothing else." Professor Sugimori contends that if the Japanese allowed the Russians to do what the latter wanted to do in 1904 "the yellow race in the small islands would have suffered the same fate as the native savages where the white race colonised." He adds that, at the present time, the British people do not pay the slightest heed to the gospel of non-resistance and support warlike measures because "they cannot imagine that their own moral persons could be safe or happy under the conditions of the eventual German hegemony." In Professor Sugimori's opinion, society needs a new way of life, a new philosophy, a new religion. He does not believe that it is possible to "become free by means of inner readjustment or modification." Life, to him, is a unity, and not "two lives or realities . . . the inner and the outer." He recommends the removal of ignorance, and would make the reading of "able and intellectual books almost compulsory," and would like to see established in each country "determined groups and centres of inspired agents, female as well as male, old as well as young."

WAR AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA: SKETCHES AND STUDIES. By John Pollock. 6s. net. (Constable.)

In this volume its author has collected several articles which he contributed to the *Standard, Manchester Guardian, Fortnightly Review, New Europe* and *Nineteenth Century*. Roughly speaking, the first half of the book deals with the Russian advance of 1915 and retreat in the following year; the remaining half with the Revolution and its aftermath down to September of last year. Although the former is distinctly interesting, it is to the latter that the attention will be chiefly directed. If after the successful accomplishment of the Revolution the nation's affairs had only been in the hands of a firm and strong government, all might have been well, but almost from the beginning, so fully established was the authority of the Souviet—the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates—that those who formed the temporary government had no chance whatever. When the Council issued its famous or rather infamous first order to the Army, handing over to the Soldiers' Committees the administration of the latter, it did not need much insight to foresee the speedy end of all discipline and allegiance and the conversion of the armed forces into an unruly mob. What the Russian Army could do and did when ably led and disciplined, has been well exemplified by its earlier exploits. Looking to the future, Mr. Pollock writes hopefully: "One thing at least is certain, that when the war is over, it will take an almost incredible combination of causes again to force the Russian peasantry, who are over 90 per cent. of the nation, to fight against a foreign foe. And when we have conquered the German Goliath, that can only be for the ultimate good of the world." The book is an extremely interesting account of the various events related and cannot fail to be read with pleasure.

THE BOMBER GIPSY, AND OTHER POEMS. By A. P. Herbert. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Herbert is a lieutenant in the R.N.D. and he gathers from the hurly-burly of war just those lighter episodes or incidents that are suited to the Comic Muse, and handles them deftly and with the shrewdest wit and satire. Most of his verses have appeared in *Punch*, which in itself is a guarantee of their technical finish, and their genuine humour and overflowing drollery should help to redeem that paper from the groundless charge of being respectably literary but not funny. A delectable book. The feeling and pathos in the occasional serious poems is as real as the spirit of laughter that delights you in the others.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S

NEW FICTION

5s. net.

From all Booksellers and Libraries.

LASSE'S LOVE	Halliwell Sutcliffe
TRUANT HAPPINESS	Mme. Albanesi
MY LOVE'S BUT A LASSIE	Katharine Tynan
AGATHA'S FORTUNE	Harold Bindloss
A SIN OF SILENCE	Ottwell Binns
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	A. & C. Askew
THE BLACK IMAGE	Fergus Hume
TAINTED GOLD	Paul Trent
THOSE FOLK OF BULBORO'	Edgar Wallace
THE AMARANTH CLUB	J. S. Fletcher
CROSS CURRENTS	Paul Urquhart
CINDERELLA'S SUITORS	Isabel M. Peacocke
GUILTY OR INNOCENT	M. C. Leighton
THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE	Fred M. White
THE HUNT BALL MYSTERY	Sir Wm. Magnay
THE HEART OF VIRGINIA KEEP	Edwin Baird
THE KEY OF GOLD	L. G. Moberly
THE LITTLE BLUE GODDESS	Wm. Le Queux
THE MASTER OF MERLAINS	David Whitelaw
A SPORTING OFFER	Florence Warden

THE JULY

WINDSOR MAGAZINE

contains

FULLY ILLUSTRATED WAR ARTICLES.

THE MINISTRY of NATIONAL SERVICE.

LONG-RANGE ARTILLERY.

OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS for the ALLIES.

Notable Complete Stories by

EDGAR WALLACE — **A. M. BURRAGE**
L. G. MOBERLY — **J. MASON SMITH**
H. PURCELL — **CHARLES INGE**

And other well-known Authors.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT.

WARD, LOCK & CO., Ltd., Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

Books for Sale (Cash or Exchange) by EDWARD BAKER, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

Dr. Syntax's Second Tour in Search of Consolation. Coloured plates by Rowlandson. 1st edit. Half calf. 1820. **£2 2s.**

Butler's Hudibras. Edited by Z. Grey and illustrated by Hogarth. 2 vols. 1772. **25s.**

Newman (Cardinal), The Anglican Career of. By E. A. Abbott. 2 vols. 1892. **12s. 6d.**

Wilde (Oscar) : A House of Pomegranates. With designs and decorations by C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon. 1st edit. 1891. **£3 10s.**

———**Salome : A Tragedy.** With 16 drawings by A. Beardsley. 1907. **30s.**

———**The Soul of Man.** 1909. **10s. 6d.**

———**The Picture of Dorian Gray.** Illustrated edition. Paris. 1908. Scarce. **25s.**

———**A House of Pomegranates.** With 16 illustrations in colour by Jessie M. King. 1915. **21s.**

———**Osrae, the Self-Sufficient, and Other Poems ; With A Memoir of the Late O. W.** By J. M. Stuart Young. 1905. Scarce. **25s.**

Cripps's Old French Plate. Illus. 1880. **15s.**

Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx. By A. Le Plongeon. Presentation copy from the author with inscription. 1896. **£4 4s.**

Pater (Walter) : Essays from the "Guardian." 1901. Scarce. **10s. 6d.**

———**The Life of.** By Thomas Wright, with 78 plates. 2 vols. 1907. **12s. 6d.**

Goethe Gallerie (German Text). Fine photographs. **15s.**

Blavatsky (H. P.) : Isis Unveiled. 2 vols. 1884. **£2 10s.**

Dircks' (H.) Perpetuum Mobile ; or Search for Self-Motive Power. 1861. Scarce. **25s.**

Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places. By Allan Fea. Illus. 1908. **12s. 6d.**

Works of Francis Bacon. 10 vols. Tree calf. Fine old copy. 1803. **£2 2s.**

Milton's Poetical Works. Edited by Rev. H. J. Todd. 7 vols. 1809. **25s.**

Castiglione's The Courtier. In Italian and English. With Life of the Author. 1729. **£2 2s.**

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett), Letters of. Addressed to R. H. Horne. Edited by S. R. T. Mayer. 2 vols. 1877. **30s.**

Cockton (Hy.) : Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox. 1st edit. 1840. **35s.**

De Quincey's (Thos.) Works. 15 vols. 1862. **35s.**

Lewis (M. G.), The Monk : A Romance. 3 vols. 1807. (Reprint.) **25s.**

The Makers of Black Basaltes. By Capt. M. H. Grant. Illustrating nearly 300 pieces. 1910. **(Pub. £2 2s.) 21s.**

Dostoieffsky's The Idiot. 1st edit. Cloth. Vizetelly. **25s.**

———**The Friend of the Family, etc.** 1st edit. Cloth. **25s.**

———**Crime and Punishment.** 1st edit. Cloth. **25s.**

———**Injury and Insult.** 1st edit. Cloth. **25s.**

———**Uncle's Dream, etc.** 1st edit. Cloth. Vizetelly. 1888. **25s.**

———**Prison Life in Siberia.** 1st edit. Cloth. **25s.**

———**Poor Folk.** With Introduction by Geo. Moore. 1st edit. 1894. **25s.**

Old Naval Book—Host (P. Paul), L'Art des Armees Navales, on Traite des Evolutions Navales ; also Theorie de la Construction des Vaisseaux. 2 vols. in 1. With about 140 fine folding plates. 1697. Very rare. **£10 10s.**

Freemasonry—Ars Quatuor Coronatorum Trans. Vols 1 to 16. Half blue morocco. 1886–1903. **£12 12s.**

———**Another Lot.** Vols 19 to 29 (except Part 3 of Vol. 21). 11 vols. Parts as issued. 1906–1916. **£5 5s.**

———**The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry.** By A. E. Waite. Illus. 2 vols. 1911. **30s.**

Occult Books—Seership ! The Magnetic Mirror. By P. B. Randolph. 1884. **15s. ; Initiation and Its Results** and **The Way of Initiation.** By R. Steiner. 2 vols. 1908–9. **12s. 6d. ; Behind the Scenes with Mediums.** By D. P Abbott. 1912. **12s. 6d. ; Soul ! The Soul World ; the Homes of the Dead.** Penned by the Rosicrucian P. B. Randolph. 1896. **15s. ; Eulis ! The History of Love : Its Wondrous Magic, etc.** By P. B. Randolph. N.D. Scarce. **15s. ; The Philosophy of Mysticism.** By C. Du Prel. Trans. by C. C. Massey. 1889. 2 vols. 1889. **25s. ; Oldest Books in the World : An Account of the Religion, Philosophy, etc., of the Ancient Egyptians.** By I. Myer. 1900. Scarce. **30s.**

Surveyors Institute Transactions. Vols. 28 to 48 wanting 7 numbers and professional notes. Part 2 of Vol. 7 to Part 2, Vol. 22, wanting 2 parts. 1895–1916. A scarce lot. **£3 10s.**

Angling—Angling Reminiscences. By T. T. Stoddart. 1837. **8s. 6d. ; The Angler's Companion to Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.** By T. T. Stoddart. 1853. **8s. 6d. ; The Secrets of Angling.** By A. S. Moffat. 1865. **8s. 6d. ; The Fly Fisher's Textbook.** By T. South. With plates. 1841. (Name cut from title.) **10s. 6d. ; A Book of Angling.** By F. Francis. With 15 plates. 1st edit. 1867. **10s. 6d. ; Another copy.** 4th edit. With 16 plates. 1876. **10s. 6d. ; An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs.** By T. T. Stoddart. 1866. **10s. 6d.**

Encyclopædia Britannica. Last edition. 29 vols. India paper. **£35.**

Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vols. 56 to 74. 1895–1913, and 76, 77, 1915–16. 21 vols. **£3 3s.**

Journal of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society. Vols. 3 to 13. 4th series, 1892–1903. 11 vols. **21s.**

United States Department of Agriculture Year Books, 1895–1898. 4 vols. **10s. 6d.**

Voltaire's Romances and Smaller Pieces. 2 vols. 1794. Very rare. **£2 2s.**

Argot and Slang : A French and English Dictionary of Cant Words, etc. By A. Barrere. 1889. **15s.**

Native Tribes of Central Australia. By B. Spencer and F. J. Gillen. 1899. Scarce. **30s.**

Debrett's Peerage. 1916. 2 vols. **8s. 6d.**

Kennard's Lafcadio Hearn : His Life and Work. 4s. 6d.

Andrew's Adolescent Education. 1s. 6d.

Wheeler's Old English Furniture. 12s. 6d.

Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams. 2 vols. **17s. 6d.**

Scalacronica : The Reigns of Edward I., II. and III., as Recorded by Sir Thos. Gray. Trans. by Sir Herbert Maxwell. **(Pub. 42s. net.) 25s.**

Cowan (S.) : The Lord Chancellors of Scotland. 2 vols. **6s. 6d.**

Motley : Rise Dutch Republic. Best edition. 3 vols. **15s.**

Alfred Russell Wallace : My Life. 3s.

Kingsley's Westward Ho ! Illus. by Brock. 2 vols. 1896. **10s.**

Heape : Sex Antagonism. 3s. 6d.

Trees : A Woodland Notebook. By Sir H. Maxwell. **25s.**

Crawford : Rulers of the South. 2 vols. **7s. 6d.**

Royal Edinburgh. By Mrs. Oliphant. **6s. 6d.**

Jerusalem. By Mrs. Oliphant. **6s. 6d.**

The Book of Italy. Edited by Raffaello Piccoli. **4s.**

Gibbon : Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Best edition by Millman and Dr. Smith. 8 vols. **35s.**

The Chronicle of Lanercost, 1272-1346. Trans. by Sir Herbert Maxwell. **25s.**

Henderson : Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland. 5s.

Skene's Celtic Scotland. 3 vols. **27s. 6d.**

Henderson : Survivals in Belief Among the Celts. 5s.

Gatty's Book of Sundials. 1900. **25s.**

Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals. 2 vols. **25s.**

Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son. 3 vols. 1913. **10s. 6d.**

Merry Order of St. Bridget : Personal Recollections of the Use of the Rod. 1857. Rare. **£4 4s.**

Oscar Wilde and Myself. By Lord Alfred Douglas. 1914. **25s.**

Hutton's The English Saints : Bampton Lectures. 1903. **12s. 6d.**

Baring Gould's Lives of the Saints. 16 vols. **£2 2s. (Pub. £5 5s.)**

Bigg : Christian Platonists of Alexandria : Bampton Lectures. 1886. **25s.**

Drane's Christian Schools and Scholars. 2 vols. 1867. Rare. **£3 10s.**

Pepys's Diary. 4 vols. 1914. **12s. 6d.**

Boccaccio's Decameron. Edit. de Luxe. Finely illustrated edition. 2 vols. **£2 2s.**

Oscar Wilde's First Editions : Dorian Gray. 35s. ; De Profundis. 12s. 6d. ; An Ideal Husband. 35s. ; The Happy Prince. £2 2s.

Flying Fame Broadsides. By R. Hodgson, Honeywood, O. Davies, Lovat Fraser, etc. 13 sheets. Rare. **25s.**

Poésies Complétes de Giorgio Baffo. 4 vols. Half calf gilt. Fine copy. Paris. 1884. **£5 5s.**

Flaubert (G.). Sentimental Education : A Young Man's History. Trans. by D. F. Flannigan. Illus. 2 vols. 1898. **12s.**

Sand (Geo.), Select Works. Trans. by Matilda M. Hays, including Miller of Angibault, The Last Aldini, Simon, Manprat, etc. 5 vols. N.D. Scarce. **25s.**

Ben Jonson : His Volpone ; or The Foxe. With critical essay by V. O'Sullivan and frontispiece. 5 initial letters and cover design by A. Beardsley. 1898. **25s.**

Bygone Punishments. By Wm. Andrews. Deals with punishments of all kinds, including Hanging, Boiling, Beheading, Burning, Pressing, etc., etc. Illus. 1899. Scarce. **21s.**

New Testament. With wood engravings after Fra Angelico, P. Perugino, Titian, Raphael, etc., etc. 1865. **21s.**

Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages. By H. Shaw. Beautifully illustrated in colours. 2 vols. 1858 Rare. **£4 4s.**

History of French Revolution. By M. H. Stephens. 2 vols. 1892. **18s. 6d.**

Joyce's Social History of Ancient Ireland. With numerous woodcuts. 2 vols. 1903. **35s.**

Moses (Henry) : A Collection of Antique Vases, Altars, Pateræ, Tripods, Candelabra, Sarcophagi, etc. 170 plates. With historical essays. Bohn. N.D. Fine copy. **25s.**

Balzac's Works. 53 vols. Caxton Pub. Co. **£8 10s.**

Holm's History of Greece. 4 vols. 1894. **30s.**

XUM